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MICHAEL CASSIDY.

WITH PREFACE
BY THE REV. C. B. TAYLER.

Price 1s. 6d.

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MICHAEL CASSIDY;
OR,
THE COTTAGE GARDENER.



MICHAEL CASSIDY ;

OR,

THE COTTAGE GARDENER.

A TALE FOR SMALL BEGINNERS.



**SEELEY, BURNSIDE, AND SEELEY ;
FLEET STREET, LONDON.
MDCCCXLV.**

**" Therefore although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same,
For the delight of a few natural hearts ;
And with yet fonder feeling for the sake
Of youthful poets, who amongst these hills
May be my second self when I am gone."**

Wordsworth.

PREFACE.

SOME few months ago I received a packet, accompanied by a note, which announced to me that the packet contained the manuscript pages of a work intended, it might, or it might not be, for publication; the note also conveyed to me a request, that I would read the manuscript and give my opinion and advice as to its appearing in print. Shall I own that I looked with dismay upon the thickness of the manuscript, as it lay before me, and thought of the unpleasing duty which I should probably have to perform, in advising the author not to run the risk of publishing? But the manuscript and the request came from a lady, and I felt that I had no choice but to obey by reading and giving the counsel required. With a wearisome feeling I commenced reading, in

ich I learned from the title, gave me
t a prepossession in favour of
ichael Cassidy, or the Cottage-Al
1: a Narrative.'

A treatise on Cottage Allotments, r
ed, I said to myself, and 'Micha
rative,' may be very entertaining,-
abt whether the Cottage-Allotment
: make the narrative insufferably
ether the narrative will not on the
erfere with the practical instruc
atise.

But I forgot to think of my doubts
er page after page of the manusc
t I grew so thoroughly interested,
ry and in the subject of Cottag
at I sat down quietly to the reading

ciently, to bring a piece of ground into cultivation, in the same simple manner, and to make it, with God's blessing, as profitable an undertaking. And now nothing seemed to me more natural than to recommend the system, in the way that the gentle writer had done, by shewing how the intelligence and the perseverance of an Irish youth, had been put forth to acquire the information required, and to effect a reform in the old method of cultivating the land of his native district; and how that by cheerful and unremitting industry, he had at length accomplished the task to which he had applied himself, and removed the prejudices of his father and his neighbours.

I did at first think of endeavouring to make a few observations of my own, on the subject of this little volume, but on second thoughts, I consider that I shall shew my wisdom by no longer detaining those, who read prefaces, from the entertaining and instructive narrative before them.

CHARLES B. TAYLER.

St. Peter's, Chester.

Feb. 20. 1845.

MICHAEL CASSIDY.

CHAPTER I.

THE SUMMONS.

“ At length a letter from the kinsman came,
With kind assurances that he would do
His utmost for the welfare of the boy.”

THE month of April, full of smiles and tears, but redolent of bud and blossom, had given place to May ; and May, already on the wane, failed not to redeem the promises of her precursor.

A mountain stream, having its source amongst a range of beautifully-diversified hills, swept rapidly along the open vale, and sparkled in the glowing light of morning ; here winding round some rocky promontory, there forming the indenture of a sandy creek, or gliding beneath a verdant slope, which inclining towards the south, and enamelled by countless varieties of wild flowers, impregnated the air with fragrance—such fragrance as is no where more delicious than when exhaled by the warmth of her summer’s sun from the genial soil of luxuriant Erin.

copse ; and where the course o
comes more undulating, there a
spots on which the eye—even of
delight to dwell. Amongst the n
these localities a rudely construct
recent date connects two opposing
is quite in keeping with the sce
nor architecture being very appa
tion.

Bright and impetuous as the
were the countenances and actio
group, who following the impuls
istic joyousness, sported on its b
a holiday the glad excuse to rev
of idleness ; the well-fed, well-cla
perity, the squalid offspring of po
together without distinction, as c
as friends. None, however wretc
ward adorning, insensible to such
harmonious sounds and levels o

There was, however, one amongst the group who mingled not with his companions, and took no part in their sports. Michael Cassidy, a youth of thoughtful habits, but of an enterprising spirit, had been tempted by offers from a prosperous uncle dwelling at New York, to try his fortunes in another land ; but Michael was the eldest of nine children—the most useful to his father, and the darling of his mother. Possessing that gentle quality known in Ireland by the term ‘nature,’ he returned her love by the devotion of his heart, and the appropriation of every spare hour to her comfort—had recourse to many little acts of industry—nor ever felt fatigue or breathed a murmur, save when disappointed of means to tempt the failing appetite, or to invigorate by some nutritious aliment the sinking frame of the once vigorous matron.

The yearly or half-yearly recurrence of letters from America, put filial duty to repeated tests, for Michael sighed to rise above the drudgery of working for a scanty subsistence ; but the advancing years of his father, and the ill-concealed distress of his mother, whenever emigration came under discussion, subdued the aspirings of young ambition, and sent him with his spade upon his shoulder, his old coat hanging from his back, to dig again the long exhausted ‘garden,’ to follow the same unproductive system which had ruled his predecessors, to drive the ‘lean kine’ to some distant common, to vary his summer’s avocations in the bog, school his ardour for novelty, and hua-

be true, ' that difficulty enhances and increased the urgency of his uncle, and almost an argument so unanswerable, —not only the selfishness of the affection of the mother, that resistance longer possible.

Returning home one evening in a pen letter in his trembling hand, Minto the house and gave it without his father.

Old Cassidy drew forth from the envelope a bank post-bill, rubbed his nose, an exclamation of astonishment, and transferred it to Johnny.

' What is it at all ? ' cried the father alarmed, and handing on the other.

' Marcy defend us and keep us from

‘but this is the quarest?—Pay to Michael Cassidy &c. &c. Where can it come from?—what can it mane?’—Bridget Cassidy looked at her son; something like the truth flashed upon her mind, but she could not bring herself to give it utterance. ‘The Lord be betune him and temptation,’ she muttered to herself. ‘The God of heaven be his guidance!’

All the children pressed around their father,—all except Michael, who stood aghast; and Margaret, who squatting on the hearth, attempted to blow up a blaze with her apron.

There was besides, a few lines from the bank-agent, requesting an acknowledgment for the money, which all pronounced to be ‘mighty civil,’—an epistle of more than ordinary length from the uncle at New York, which instantly silenced every conjecture as to the donor of the alarming sum.

Except a few tokens of small value, American generosity had heretofore been limited to promises of providing for a nephew, when one should be sent out. But no hint had escaped of paying expenses; and the difficulty of finding means had been a material reason with the father for not forwarding the expatriation of his son.

But now, when an actual remittance to so large an amount afforded ‘demonstration’—as Phil Cassidy expressed himself, ‘that rale gould could be gathered together in foreign parts,’ and come safe to hand at home! every objection gave way. A mine of wealth appeared to open—The humble hearth, round which the family congre-

the magic paper went from hand to hand, reread and spelled ; blessings in abundance. None warmer in expression than the mother, who, as she acknowledged—forgot for the moment that a great trial might await her.

It's a mortal big sum to come into a use, unexpected, this-a-way'— said she. ' But where is the letter ? why not read it ?'—

Michael could read, but according to the task of decyphering a letter was not to be trusted. My Norton, an accredited scholar, was at present the privileged depository of all confidences. He broke the seal, drew out the letter, and soon made the important contents known. It was a letter from their relative at New York had lost, of which event the Cassidys should have been apprized some months before, if a messenger, expected to come their way, had

hus Helpless and childless entirely, the girl being only a girl and too young for any comfort only to keep us unaisy by raison of the substance which Falls To her share. We have called her Bridget after her aunt, and Hopes, dear sister, she may be like yourself in all things, for you have the commendation of every one who comes out, which is very plaizing for them to say.'

'Well if that is'ent goodness!' sobbed Bridget. 'If it is'ent undesarved!'

'Don't be belying yourself, Biddy,'—interposed her husband, whose respect for his wife was suddenly increased by the kind expressions of her wealthy brother. 'He knows what he's saying, and that is the truth. Get on wid the letter, Jemmy, my boy, setting-case ye *can* read.'

'Uncle writes rather crabbit,' replied the scholar, with a placid smile: 'and the rush gives no light.'

'He writes better and more to the purpose nor many a counshillor,' resumed Phil Cassidy in a jocular tone, while Margaret puffed at the blaze and Jemmy resumed.

'We don't do quite as much in the milking line as of ould, though the convanience of wather is all the same, and the saint Laurance is a mighty fine river entirely. it bates the Shannon at New York out and out. Mary Dooling lives in it still, she went to Albany after a sister who died and left her a property, who desires her respects to all enquiring friends. Plaze to remember huz as if *named*. thirty dollars a month used to be a boy's

country. But a sister's son w
be trusting to hardship. I co
times, and got a houl't of the
went down. we keep seven
affeaed. fifty pounds in hand
the present times hasent bruch
and I dont want a son to be st
or coming here disrespectful.
rather partikular. Plaize give
piece to the other boys and g
there need'ent be jealousy. litt
and takes after her brother in
my nephu may com soon. The
sail from Cork in one month fr
cargo. and now that our boy is
cute for his years, its hard for c
see into all things, especially wh
dear brother and sister no mor
our loving brother James Furlc

‘ True for ye, Mick ma vourneen,’ said his mother, well pleased to hear her old favourite praised. ‘ There never was a kinder cratur, she brought us seven heifers in her time, was no great aiter of food, nor ever axed to trespass like another. One of the heifers we never could keep. The yearling we sold to Fogarty would have made us up for the next seven years, and given me content.’

‘ Well, mother jewel ! there’s no occasion for that same at the present, thanks and praise !—we have more in the house at this blessed minute than would compass all Fogarty’s bawn full. I know where to get a bargain of a rale short-horned. The man who ownes her is scant of feeding. And, more nor that, pigs has a fall, Mary Whelan must sell her stores.

‘ Fair and aisy,’ interrupted the father. ‘ Fair and aisy, Michael agra. This is always the case with too sudden a rise. Them that’s not used to the handling of money throws it away afore iver they touch it. The uncle expects you to go out genteel ; and no one shall cast up that your parents are extortionate. Stores is’ent had for a song ; and those in the yard are no ways despicable. Take a thought Michael, and hould what you’ve got. I’m not saying a word agen buying the short-horned, for there’s no denying that she’s wanted. But as for pigs, lave them alone. It’s bad to be too much uplifted.’

Michael said no more. Pigs were resigned without a murmur. But his mind was made up as to *saving* from his own personal expenses, and leav-

ing a sufficient sum with his mother to secure for her, at least, the continuation of those comforts which she already owed to his labour, and which he would not trust to chance, for any consideration that self-interest could possibly offer.

Indeed the power of providing for the wants of a parent so much beloved, removed the only drawback to Michael's happiness. He flattered himself that she would not feel his absence. That it might be in his power ere long to benefit every member of the family. A modest confidence was infused into his manner. The sheepish youth was transformed into the spirited man. Duty interfered not with inclination. He was free to emigrate ; strange scenes were before him. Novelty, so fascinating to inexperience ; a long, long voyage. The world of waters yet unseen. A distant but a blessed return. The happiness of sharing his abundance ; those hopes which cheer the young adventurer before acquaintance with a selfish world blights the exuberance of generosity, or teaches him to doubt.

Such were his day dreams.—Such the bright future he contemplated—the expectations he imparted to his mother—the hopes that cheered her under the approaching trial, and led her from the present to the future : while father, brothers, sisters, looked on him as the first of human beings, and (although unenvied) the most enviable.

CHAPTER II.

THE PREPARATIONS.

“ The housewife for five days
Was restless morn and night, and all day long
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.”

Wordsworth.

PHIL. CASSIDY, impatient to make known the wealth and generosity of his brother-in-law, walked with Michael to the Provincial Bank—having, however, offered the bill for exchange to several neighbours and at small shops in their own immediate neighbourhood—then lost no time in securing the long-wished ‘short-horned.’

Ten pounds sufficed for her price. Ten more Michael forced on the acceptance of his mother; and, according to the directions received from his uncle, eight were disbursed amongst the younger children, thus leaving less than half the original sum for the personal expences, journey and voyage of the generous owner.

The vessel was busy taking in her cargo at Cove. Michael’s preparations were hastened, and *himself* equipped—as all agreed—equal to any

was a decided point, his mother left time for thought. Between the cutting up of linen, providing sea-bags, she contrived should be abundant, even occupied. During the last week she lay down; and when Saturday came there was nothing more to do. The last cake baked—the last egg buttered—all the actual cording of the trunk—all prepared for departure.

Bridget Cassidy—unlike too many in the neighbourhood—did not flatter herself that the younger branches of the family would honour the Sabbath and keep its religious observances might suffice for the part of the parents; or the pious children work out the salvation of the world. She did not, therefore, deny herself the social worship—slight the blessing to those who meet in the Divine Presence.

week. And when that holy day recurred—the last her son was to spend beneath the paternal roof, his mother arose at the usual early hour, and setting her house in order, prepared to accompany her children to the temple of the Lord.

But when Michael stood before her—his frieze coat exchanged for a handsome frock of fine broad cloth, his nailed brogues for Wellingtons, his old *Canbeen* for a *rake Caroline*; looking so young and so handsome, the strength so tightly strained gave way; her limbs refused their support—the weakness of humanity prevailed; and rejecting the cloak and bonnet which Margaret would have assisted her to put on, she sunk upon a chair, telling the assembled family to go without her, that she would remain at home for once. Then bolting the door to exclude observation, she threw herself upon her knees, and gave free utterance to grief so long and so diligently suppressed.

But solitude is seldom the privilege of Irish cottagers: in any circumstance, either of trouble or of joy, the house is crowded by sympathizing friends: and seldom was sympathy so general, as on the eve of Michael Cassidy's intended departure.

Those who missed Bridget from her usual place, guessed that she was not able to 'stand the parting,' or the last sight of her dutiful boy in the parish church—and flocked throughout the Sunday evening to condole; although, as before shown, Sunday evening gossip was not encouraged at Anabeg. But on the present occasion crowds came to comfort the parents by expatiating on

o was going to seek a new country,
urn no more.—Still they spoke cheer-
sped his hand with cordial looks, che-
keep old times in mind, to write, -
nily, witnessing the general feeling, -
t their sorrow, until the last stra-
ave, when the father according to cus-
own to pray. And then—silence suc-
oise—one voice to many—sobs and
e place of cordial greetings—for the
iction came to every heart that he for-
oice was raised in supplication, wor-
ecurrence of another sabbath, he fa-
rom familiar faces, and from loving
tranger in a foreign land.

Phil Cassidy was little skilled in gift
neither in the habit of cloathing his
words. But he looked round on his
children : one was going out from ar-
to brave the dangers of an unknown

and all his house," comforted and reassured for the safety of their beloved.

Michael was the last to quit his humble posture, and a more sincere petition never proceeded from the heart of man than that breathed by him, that he might be restored to the same spot, as dutiful, as loving, and as much beloved as in that parting hour. They then retired to their hallowed rest—all except the mother and Margaret, for the former wished to be alone with her eldest daughter, to talk of their mutual trial—to unburden her grief; and covering her face, as she fell into a chair, gave utterance to feelings that could no longer be suppressed.

' Marcy and grace, I can cry—I can satisfy myself. Och! but the father was tinder—He had the fear of the Lord always before his eyes: but the love of the Lord is with him now. It's come with his throuble—blessings on the same! and the cráthur himself—the poor banished cráthur—how he prayed to return!—To see us all once more—To be under the ould roof, wid the ould parents!—And he will!—Yes Margo, he will!—for he was born to be a comfort and an up-rise to his family. He never crassed me from his birth—He never scorned my word, or caused me to shed a tear, or even raised a contradiction. And sure, the promised blessing rests upon him. "His days will be long in the land." He will prosper, for he is the dutifullest and the best of sons. Och Margo! there's a mortal pain about my heart!—and every thing I think of is forgot. If

months and years without writing.
 more nature. He'll not waste the man-
 some neyther, and if he has'ent the
 he blessings and the good wishes, it
 (ou'd think, this holy day, that the
 was'ent in Leinster. To see him lookin'
 aced when the throng gathered roun'
 lothes that he wore was'ent his own.
 alling him by name—out fornest all
 im quite famliar by the two hands, a
 love on the dear gentleman his-self.
 ot condeshension!' shouts Tom Rielly
 elf would wash my hands till I com-
 ie same town, was I in your shoes,'
 xciseman.'—

'Well that was decent and cordial o-
 roctor'—replied the mother, in a less
 ne; an very friendly of Tom Riel-
 s reverence, he was always respect-
 essing rest on every well-wisher!—

CHAPTER III.

THE ABANDONMENT.

"Look on me with thy cloudless eyes;
Truth in their dark expression lies,
Their sweetness gives me back the tears,
And the free heart of early years."

Mrs. Hemans.

NEXT morning the anxious mother was the first to rise; and having seen her family at breakfast, but not being able to share their meal, she shortly returned to the 'room above'—Presently her husband and children went out to their daily avocations in the yard or fields; Margaret and Michael excepted, who remained in the house to hold, as they believed, their last confidential colloquy.

A heavy fall over-head alarmed them. They rushed up stairs, and found their mother to all appearance lifeless on the floor. Michael raised her in his arms, and placed her on the bed, while a feeling that he had—however innocently—caused the blow, almost gave him his death-stroke.

The cries of the younger children, who on the first rush had returned to the house—recalled

at end—A guess—

Michael! Michael! you have killed your
the miserable son needed not the hea
der. He was already self-condem
hing from the house to seek the villag
ered a solemn vow ' that should the
ther be granted to his prayer, no te
ever strong, no bribe, however ric
or induce him to leave her.'

Bridget had only fainted. Her fit was
avy ; but a slight exertion of medic
ved it ; she sighed, and raised her ey
Michael rushed forth again, and in gra
le poured forth his joy ; then repeate
eady breathed, that he would neve
tive land or forsake his humble hom
nile that home should be blessed by th
a mother.

A few hour's quietness, with her sor
ght, soon renovated the health of t
tion was prescribed. with a few

‘ Don’t bother yourself, mother jewel, about the ship. She sails in less nor a fortnight, but time nor tide is nothing to me now, I’m not for going, I’m not laving home.’

‘ The Lord in Heaven be for ever praised ! ’ she exclaimed in such a transport of joy and tenderness, as must have fixed his resolution had he been inclined to waver. But recollecting previous circumstances, her doubts returned and her voice faltered. ‘ How is it, darling, do I understand ?—Did’ent the money come o’ purpose ?—and hav’ent we spent the most of it already ?—What will the uncle say, or the father ?—wont the two go mad ?—and the neighbours, and the disappointment !—Och, my own jewel, sure I see it all ; tis’ent a change of mind by no means, tis the kind nature working in your heart, tis I that am your ruin. My heavy hatred on that fifty pounds—why did we break the note, or buy the cow ?—Och, musha, musha ! ’——

‘ Never vex your poor heart, mother dear, either for the money or the cow : God is above. He’ll rise us out of all. I have bethought myself that Johnny might be more answerable than me in Ameriky. He’s twice as cute, and has a power of knowledge about cattle and the like. Was’ent he all as one as ’listed last harvest ; and if yeess do not let him go designedly, he’s just the boy that will be off unknownst. Wid your blessing I’ll spake to my father, and see if he’ll listen to raison.’

The wonder, the delight, the still existing doubts

of the mother could only find expression in tears. She was aware of Johnny's rambling propensities, and lived in terror of the recruiting sergeant. Michael's proposition completely met her wishes ; but even in the fulness of joy fears would intrude.

' You dont think, my darlint, that the uncle will take it amiss ; or sure enough it would be the saving of your mother, and the making of that poor boy Johnny.'

' Uncle can have no liking for one more nor the other'—he replied, ' It can be nothing but kindness to yourself that makes him think of us at all, and is'ent Johnny your son the same as myself !'

' True for ye Alanna !—You say nothen' but the truth. And Johnny shall go if his father gives in ; just to see him (the crathur) when one of the ould pinshiners comes in and begins dis-coorsing about foreign parts, or places beyant say. Don't the heart in his body rise up in his face ? Don't we percaive that he's ready to fly like the swallows ? Och Michael jewel, aint ye blessed this day ?'

Michal was blessed, for he possessed not only the means but the inclination for bestowing happiness ; and his mother, easily persuaded that Johnny must suit every purpose of her brother even better than her elder son, would have felt perfectly happy except that one little fear still lurked in her mind. She looked with keen enquiring eye into the face of her companion, and asked if there was not a visitor with his sisters.

If he did not hear some one speaking below—if the voice was not that of Nelly Goss?

‘No,’ he replied, ‘it cannot be her, for Jem Whelan’s infant was to be buried to-day, and there’s never a ‘berrin’ widout Nelly. She wears out more shoes walking after corpses than there are nails in big Dennis’s coffin.’

Bridget smiled, and looked pleased, for Michael’s answer went far to relieve her mind. Still she could not help saying, to try him farther, ‘that of all the boys in the place he was the last she would have expected to disparage Nelly Goss.’

‘I don’t disparage—I only say the truth, that Nelly is fonder of walking than work, and likes any other house better than her own. Anyhow, she’s not in it at present, for there is no mistaking her tongue, it goes like the mill-flapper.’

The heart of the mother was at rest. Michael had answered the jest, and echoed the laugh of Nelly Goss, the elder daughter of an idle house, a good-humoured, good-looking girl, who lived a few fields distant, and Bridget felt rather uneasy. But the remark he now made relieved her worst apprehensions. She was ashamed of having suspected him, and could not repress the usual ebullition of gratitude. ‘Glory and praise!’ or the half-muttered sentence of ‘Well, if I did’ent think!’

‘You thought, mother,’ said her son, looking rather hurt, ‘that I was taken with Nelly—that she had some hand in my staying at home.’

‘Michael, mavourneen, there’s no help for

misjudged ye—sinful ould woman that
'Sure enough you've misjudged n
at your own born child had no be
lot that the girl has any badness, o
lo for my betters, Not that the wor
er, or that she has'nt the pleasant v
oor man's wife should be steady t
not laving off for every gossip, stanne
vid her back to the dresser, rowling l
er praskeen like any other fine lady,
o news from morning till night, as
quite unbeholden. The mother hers
working enough, but given to talk lik
lers, who have too great toleration en
in score when they hav'ent the mo
bought bread or baking white flour, c
of the week days, selling potatoes u
their brother, and unprovided with
scarce time of year.'

'Well blessings on the dutiful

cent. Michael astore you are airning a blessing, and keeping us all out of temptation. Ould men, and striving men like your father, don't understand the wants of a house, or of a poor failing woman. I'm a sore charge to ye, mavourneen. That poor fatherless boy, Larry Goss, has'ent your thought, though his mother's a widdy, glory and praise !'

'Judy Goss is stout and hearty,' returned Michal, 'and un beholden to better sort of nourishment than her children. Its only of late years that you cared for a cup of tay. O no, mother jewel ! it was'ent the grocer's extortionate bills that sent us to school widout shoes to our feet, or swallowed up the potatoes afore their time. We never were out in the 'bitter six weeks,' and many a woman has that on her sowl. I'm not denying Nelly's honesty according to her knowledge ; or that she don't tread, as in duty bound, in the same steps as her mother ; but she had'ent the raring of our girls. They would as soon rob the church as their father : and, signs on us, we're never wanting, even in the worst times.'

The feelings of the mother, as she hid her face beneath the coverlid, and poured out the fulness of her heart in prayer, are not to be described. Suffice to say, there was no further necessity for medicine. Her son's implied approval of herself in his description of the widow Goss, and in the praises bestowed upon his sisters, was a cordial to her spirit. She was left without a wish—rewarded, amply rewarded, for years of persevering

...just now. You must go,
go. I'll hold up better now.
not be offended.'

But Michael was steady to his
did it require much force of reason
so willing a listener as Bridget
were wise, and all to the purpose
suaded herself that he acted from
suasion, which with inherent delusion
allowed to rest upon her imagination
that day a new creature, and joy
with invigorated health and beam

Phil Cassidy, though somewhat
prise, and afraid of giving umbrage
relative, was soon talked over by him
Michael had always been the most
self, and more to be depended on
whose continued services at home
was small security. The adventure
fore, transferred to the second son
of clothes -

ork, where the stir, the bustle, the unwonted animation of the harbour, the coming in, and going out of shipping, the bright, the beautiful sea, the wonders of navigation, all proved a severe trial. But he sustained it well, and felt, when ascending the last hill which intervened between himself and home, and when his heart bounded at the recognition of familiar scenes, that he could have made a much greater sacrifice—paid a much higher forfeit, to enjoy the happy consciousness of having acted up to duty—of earning, by the resignation of selfish advantages, those golden opinions, which if deservedly obtained, invigorate the struggler in life's ceaseless warfare, and smooth his weary path.

CHAPTER IV.

BEGINNING TO DROOP.

" If sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

MICHAEL was not disappointed in his expectations of a cordial welcome at home ; the greeting of his father, who had learned the labour of a son in its loss, the smiles and tears of his mother, with the joy exhibited by the younger branches of the family, fully satisfied his heart.

The neighbours, too, flocked round him with curiosity, and that desire for news which is so common amongst his countrymen. But curiosity soon ceased to be a

. . .

when 'it could'nt be helped,' he should cease to feel his disappointment. But he had yet to learn that it is not one act, however heroic, one sacrifice, however great, which constitutes a trial ; that there is the patient abiding of consequences, every-day resistances, self-denials, and strivings against regret. And that bitter reminders in quarters least expected, unworthy motives ungenerously assigned, or undeserved implications, are too frequently the lot of those, who acting from feelings unknown to the worldly wise, look to requital in the sympathies of their fellow men.

'Its well for you, mistress Cassidy,' said one of his mother's gossips, in his hearing ; that Michael is of so *quite* a turn, and so partial to home ; not but what he might have made his fortune, and done for you all, if he had but taken heart to go out. You can't disremember Fanny Farrel ; well, though she's only a girl and no boy, her family owes her their living ; there never was a better child nor Fanny, she had her mother's brother in New York, the same as Johnny, and sends home the rent constant ; indeed it's herself that keeps up the parents entirely, and is soon coming home with a ready-made fortune. Every one wonders at Michael, and the uncle so partial ; however, content is better nor riches, and if all our boys was for making their fortunes abroad ; ould Ireland would be worse nor even it is, though some say that same is impossible. Johnny had always a great speret, tis'ent the sea, nor the distance, would have stood between him and his

Michael has *throwed* away his chance.

‘I’m sorry for you, lad,’ was the stilling condolences offered by Michael’s ‘and so are well wishers, Johnny’s as old fox, and first and last knew how to you. Twas’ent like taking chances i gers, your own blood relation there or almost all as one as a native himself, have made you a native in no time. If I’m tould like any lord, and has lashin vings in his place; mighty kind too neighbours meet with him, and to them his beginning, but had’ent the same lu proves him to have nature and no pride.

‘Well, home’s home, Michael, mavou the never-ceasing observation of his she added a noggin of butter-milk, or herring to his daily ration of potato though this summer is wonderful we saison’s uncommon backward, may

your skins on the flour, honey, she'll not lave me much trouble in sweeping; the cratur is hungry nursing her bonneens. Of all things a sow is de-sarving of tenderness.'

'Supposing she is, mother,' remonstrated Michael, the kitchen floor is no place to feed her, especially when we're at our *males*.'

'True for ye, mavourneen, only tis'ent possible to keep her out, and when the girls is not in it, I give her her way. The bonneens help with the rent, and we have no other manes; poor brindy was a good milker in her day, but what wid age, and stint of food, she gives bare two quarts in the two males; and the heifer is entirely dry; but it cannot be helped, the pasture has'ent a blade on it; and there's no sparing the potatoes to make them a mash. But the after-grass will be good if the rain would let us mow, and we're no worse than our neighbours, which is one blessing any how, wid potatoes to last till the gardens come in. Them is the beauties at any rate, glory and praise—I doubt if the likes to be seen in Ameriky; how should they, for sure it's not Ireland? No, nor no other place under the sun. I wonder if Johnny will get a potatoe, or how butcher's mate will agree wid the crature, my blessing on you who knew which to choose.'

So saying, and as if to illustrate her argument, Bridget admitted the voracious contributors to the feast, who had for some time been rubbing their unsavory sides against the kitchen door; while Michael, with what appetite he might,

match, when a succession of early weather, prevented the sowing of oats, the time on hands.

But enterprize of any kind, or more eaking, improvement, was reprobated by Mr Cassidy, as little short of gambling to his son, although a labourer in life's talk, was not without some spirit of enterprise; however, might have speculated with much chance of approval on keeping a race-horse, as upon feeding a cow in cultivating a rood of turnips, or purchase of seed, while seed could be saved in any meadow at home, or from the refuse of the potatoe crop.

Even on the subject of the 'short-horn' the generous donor dare not hazard an opinion, although the father's temper had been considerably ameliorated by so unlooked-for an accession. Michael had no voice in her man-

recompensed by the smiles of his mother, brought no apparent comfort to the general stock, nor acknowledgment of aid received. He had, in addition to former tasks, those usually allotted to Johnny, and was only remunerated by his daily food, or a scanty supply of wearables,—owing more in point of appearance to a mother's thrift, than to a father's generosity; he should perhaps prefer the term justice, for Phil Cassidy forgot in the case of his son, that the labourer is worthy of his hire. And although generally accounted a hard honest man, we doubt if, in the present instance, 'hardly honest' would not describe him better.

Meanwhile the vessel in which Johnny had sailed returned to Cork, and every thought of the family was absorbed in expectation of letters; but he failed to write, and his father waxed impatient.

'He never had any consideration, nor ever will—' said Cassidy. 'Out of sight, out of mind with the likes of him. After all t'was a venture-thing to fly in the uncle's face, and send out the youngest, especially as the money was sent o' purpose for Mick. He, av course, would have been more welcome, and 'tis a pity but he went. However, poor fellow! since home was his preference, since the old place and the old people were more to his liking, and the potatoes, which was second nature; I was'ent the one to reproach, or to cross him. And while the roof is over my head, and the bit and sup going an, I'll never

Of such remarks—and many met
chal took no notice, made no compla
sank deep into his heart and embitter
He had resolved not to cast a thought
past. But golden visions had been
The importance attached to indepe
been felt. It was therefore no such
to maintain his resolution, or to circ
views within the narrow limits of
offered no equivalent; where every
chilled, where a dull round of unprodi
was his only prospect. He yielded to
his youthful spirits failed. No lon
social—avoiding old acquaintance, he
in turn, and withdrew—as we have s
abstracted, from the cheerful circle,
the ascetic feelings that drove him in
conscious of his error, but unable to
miliated, and ready to confess that h
tion is an inefficient weapon with a

It was while thus yielding to the baneful influence of discontent, that Michael was assailed by a new temptation.

Near neighbourhood and early habit, rather than inclination, had created a so-called friendship between the younger branches of the Cassidys and the children of the Widow Goss. Her eldest son, Larry, was the school-companion of Michael, and of Jemmy Norton, and though these youths saw much to condemn in the general conduct of their idle associate, they were themselves too guileless to suspect him of predetermined evil. While he, who afterwards joined himself with lawless combinations, desired nothing so much as to draw his simple-minded neighbour into the same scruple, and subject them to the same hazards.

But so long as Michael went on his way rejoicing, so long as the smile of contentment was seen on his face, and that the happy frankness of his manner proved him to have a "conscience void of offence," the incendiary hesitated to attempt his seduction. When, however, dissatisfaction clouded his brow, and discontent was visible in all his actions; Larry Goss was induced to believe that he might with good chance of success propose any scheme of amendment.

To a quiet industrious youth, such as Michael Cassidy, who seldom read a newspaper, never entered a public house, or attended a public or private political meeting, the arguments of his companion had all the charm of novelty; and

subject; to a thread-bare list of wrongs though exhaustless in the hands of the de-
have long since exhausted every term
plaint; or, reverted to ages long gone
here was no modification of feudal despotism
the lapse of centuries. New to such
not aware that the repetition to which he
was invariably the same, that altho
speaker in the declamatory school might
gifted than another, the lesson never
he was not a little moved by Larry's d
words, and volubility of utterance, no
astonished, while the knowledge was po
his ear, of the utter impossibility for a
man, any dependent upon England, o
certain portion of the Irish aristocracy
or ever rise above the condition of slave
the chains by which he was held should
severed,—the bonds of union broken,—
brought down to the lower.—the poor ce

‘I’m not quite so well insensed myself, Michael Cassidy, or so well practiced yet, as to insense ye entirely, but it won’t be so; they tell me in the committee that I’ll be a lader yet; howsoever that’s nayther here nor there at their presents. We expect a grand spaker next Saturday; you’ve only to lay down your shilling, and all that you’ll hear will be well worth the damage. Who would be toiling and moiling year after year, never getting bether, only worse: submitting to all sorts of imposts, rents, tithes, and taxes: giving our heart’s blood to feed our born enemies, sending the fat of the land to pamper the tyrannous slave-drivers, scalded and racked, when all can be remedied for the small cost of a shilling or so. Who would be the fool, Michael agra, or the neger to grudge so dirty a trifle. For we’ll never be better, as afore said, nor one dissolute childre’ after our deaths, unless something is done to throw off the yoke. You don’t feel the hemp round your neck, man alive!—You dont see the sword hanging over your head? But you will, plain enough, when yer one of the boys; and that same, let me tell ye, is some consolation.’

Michael was rather puzzled to understand what was meant by such ‘consolation,’ but as “distance lends enchantment to the view,” so did the ambiguity of the speaker increase the admiration of the listener.

Larry perceived the workings of a mind, transparent as the clearest day light; and followed up *his advantage* with every exciting argument that

...imagined that he felt the
saw the sword from which one shill
save him. Still he bound himself onl
ditional promise to meet Larry on the
for the difficulty of leaving home, and
out after regular hours, crossed his
He dared not do so without deceiving
or uttering his first untruth ; and, h
lightened by his new instructor, as to
rance of his seniors on all matters of v
tance, however astonished at the b
his father and mother, habitual obedien
its saving influence, and he return
shelter of the paternal roof, still free,
longer indifferent.

But the reaction was any save a ho
Keen expectation, vague hopes, painfu
above all the warnings of conscien
attend a first deviation, were infinitel
jurious than despondency itself, more
to his mind and temper. And as Sat-

o secure it, falls to rise no more. But Michael did not fall; the impossibility of breaking through a well-established practice saved him. He dared not when questioned by his mother, utter an untruth.

CHAPTER V.

LIGHT BREAKING IN.

“ Has not God
Still wrought by means, since first he made th
And did he not of old, employ his means
To drown it?—What is creation, less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Formed for his use, and ready at his will ? ”

BRIDGET Cassidy, although taking for that Michael had no reason to repent of ference for home, could not blind herself to alteration in his appearance and manner. The sunshine in his face, that used to ‘ rise her heart ’ was heard no more; the cheerful voice was silenced; she feared that he was not happy; and the gloom was visible in every look for the last three

rest lonesome upon your mind. Barring its sinful, there's mostly a cure; and the load is always the lighter that's shared. I know that you cannot tell me a lie, and its not idle curiosity, but rale grief that makes your own mother ax ye here betune our two selves, if something particular is'ent the matter, or if yer after anything, or con-sorting wid any one unknownst to your parents?'

Michael, as she knew to her comfort, dared not to 'face her in a lie.' He had both precept and example to restrain him; old Cassidy was a man of his word, and Bridget, unlike many wives of strict husbands, had no concealments from her lord and master, was therefore under no necessity of screening her own acts by evasions, or of winking at the evasions of others. When therefore she put the straightforward question to her son, he did not hesitate to answer; but, confessed that he had a weight upon his mind, being under promise for a meeting in the evening; and pledged to secrecy.

'Then it can be for no good, only harm,' she said with much alarm. I am not axing ye con-sarning names, nor wanting ye to turn informer, but give up going; stay in your father's house, they'll not come here to fetch you; or if they do, spake up bould. Tell them at once that its agen your conscience, and yer duty. Don't I know that it is by the look of yer face. Don't I see the evil speret at work in your heart. Och, never, never go agen yer conscience, Michael; its not in yer nature, it would be yer death. Sit here wid

ance now, I'm bravely in health, and as
s sure to give you a welcome.'

'Its what I'll never ax from him,'
Michael, with eager haste; 'My only co
his world, is thinking that you have
ounds safe and sound; and that if I v
tomorrow, you would not be wanting the
of life.'

'Michael, mavourneen, don't betalking
such pitiful speeches does no good; I
change that ten pounds during dura
ought to make a beginning for yourself;
the lovely cow it would buy, or a c
heifers to put on the aftergrass. Tis y
my darlint, and I've known many a
jobber begin upon tick; don't let a whol
lying idle in the chest, its neyther more
nor a dead loss.'

'We hav'ent what grass would con
feeding of one other baste,' he replied
'... in it are stopping already.'

and ought to know better, not that I'm casting up blame in your case; but the best of good scholars disremembers by times. You've obeyed one commandment to your own disparagement, but the blessing of Him who gave it will always be with the dutiful child. Its a promise, my darling, that's duly fulfilled, and there's others besides to keep us from falling; only its right to be thinking them over. I don't like to see the cloud on the young face; I don't like to see covetousness, because it is forbidden; and them that's discontent can't help being covetous,—not [that I mane a disparaging word, far be it from me who owes you my life; only just to remind ye of what has been done, and who put the goodness into your head; for goodness don't come of its own accord.]

Michael was well disposed to honour the admonitions of his mother; and her gentle tones and looks of love, her simple, unpretending remonstrances touched a string that vibrated through every feeling; and unlocked a heart, painfully and unnaturally closed. He was encouraged to own his disappointment; and affection taught her to comprehend its extent. He confessed to his late interview with Larry Goss, only reserving the name; she understood all that he could not explain, she no longer imagined him indifferent to poverty, but she led him to make light of its present evils—to hope for better days,—to look forward, not behind. He had the *comfort* to know that one who loved and approved

mortified and revengeful.

When Bridget Cassidy in subsequent views with her son encouraged his path in the path of rectitude, and assured none were without their cross, that social trials must come; but that sooner or later would be rewarded,—she proved a true prophetess, for approbation of Mr. M's devoted conduct was not confined to this. Encouragement in another quarter afforded a stimulus, but gave the child alone wanting for a useful application of his awakened energies.

Rosy Furlong was the daughter of a farmer, the intimate friend of Margaret, and it is probable that Michael, not in feelings which constitute the dearest society, while disabusing his mother of her subject of Nelly Goss, might have been, although in negatives, his approbation.

meditated on the possibility of ever maintaining such a help-meet as Rosy, the modest youth presumed not to raise his eyes to the fair original herself, until his uncle's rich donation seemed to open a way, by which, in point of worldly wealth, they might hereafter meet on equal terms.

Rosy was the youngest of two sisters, whose reputed fortunes—exclusive of a share in the Anamore farm, there being no brother, were respectively estimated at two hundred pounds. And as her personal appearance kept pace with her other attractions, as she bore a character for industry, good temper, and obedience: her opportunities of suitable settlements were not a few, but she prized present happiness, nor was in haste to part from it. She loved her parents and her home, and cheerfully acceded to the patriarchal feeling so prevalent amongst the Irish of her grade, which honours the elder daughters of the house by giving them precedence.

'No man,' as Mrs. Furlong took frequent occasions to say, 'should come under her roof to pick and choose between her daughters. Nancy must not be affronted. When she was settled according to the liking of her parents, then Rosy might be looked after, but not one moment sooner; no, not if the king of England was to rise from his grave, and ask her in marriage.'

But as Mrs. Furlong's opinions failed to convince those most interested of their justice, as Nancy was plain, and reported to be 'rather extravagant,' the pretenders to her favour, save

independence, ventured to hope that the precious of all rewards might await his Fatherland.

The total extinction of this cherish was one great cause of his suffering. Only the negative consolation that not being shared his presumptuous secret; himself remaining as innocently ignorant as other. And although an impulse he could repel urged him to avoid her with rather cautious caution, they met, when accident brought them together—free from restraint on her or visible mortification on his.

It was one evening when his fair mother, having received a remunerating price for her butter, was communicating her success to her daughter, that he accidentally encountered her. He repeated in her own frank but modest tone that she had got the head price of the butter and added in a kindly tone,—‘Why do you not sell more of your butter?’

many thriving well, while others are starving ; and is'ent there equal chances for all?—'Tis the waste of time, Michael, and the bad management, and bad company, and discontent, more than the want of encouragement ; its the turning day into night, listening to lies, minding other folk's business before their own, and making light of God's goodness—its the keeping up of old spite, and the jealousy and envy, that brings down trouble, and grief, and disgrace on the country. 'I don't wonder that you are a little cast down, for the staying at home with such chances abroad, was a great disappointment. But it could'ent be helped, I expected no less when poor mistress Cassidy took to her bed. 'Twas not in your nature to break the mother's heart, or to quit her in sickness for the lucre of gain. But God is above, and the dutiful child was never the unfortunate man.'

She spoke with feeling,—and Michael coloured to the root of his hair ; he tried to thank her for her good opinion, but diffidence and joy rendered his attempts an awkward one. She perceived his embarrassment, and was not insensible to its influence—but intent on doing a kindness, she had the courage to proceed.

'You'er not quite so cast down as at first, and if ever so small a beginning was made—I mean on your own account, we should see the smile coming back, and hear the cheerful voice again. One cow, or a bit of a garden for a trial.'

'Where shall I get a garden, Rosy?—or the

you're willing to try an experiment.'

'You're not going to part with Norah?'
his answer, 'Indeed but I am—to my
spoken. Father has bestowed me
and says that I mus'ent keep two.
go a cheap bargain,—she's for'ed
though not very young is still a good :

'Take her Michael—take her by
cried Margaret eagerly. Och, how I
to be milking the creature!'

'I wish in my heart I could take her
ed—his countenance beaming with
'But the grass is'ent in it, the few c
have are stinted already.'

'There are wonderful ways of feeding
now,' resumed the determined adviser
you are not above learning from them
put you in the right plan; tis'ent for
Norah's price, that I am so pressing;
the money may lie till you make it, w

believe. We have him with us today, and it does one's heart good to hear him discourse. Come down bye and bye and we'll set him on talking; my father could hear him twenty times over; come down to tea and bring Margaret with you.'

Both brother and sister, quite uplifted by the cordiality of their young neighbour, readily accepted her invitation; and promising to be down after milking-time, ran home, eager to tell their mother all about Rosy, and her offer of the cow.

Bridget as usual, uttered a thousand exclamations of thankfulness; adding in an extacy with Rosy Furlong:—

'She hase'nt her equal, theres not such another in Leinster; ar'ent we blessed that has the note whole; take it down in yer hand, Michael, asthore, don't go in score on any account, don't differ for price—don't let Larry Goss have the cow for yer lives. There's nothing to match Anamore within miles; glory and praise. Who knows, childre jewels,—but I'm silent as night, I'm not spaken a word: go get on yer clothes, lave the milken to me, tis'ent respectful to keep people waiting.'

The young people thus hurried away by their mother, arrived at Anamore rather before the appointed time; and Rosy did not fail to observe that smiles as formerly, revisited the handsome features of Michael; although weak enough when seated in Mrs. Furlong's 'boarded parlour,' to feel a little shame on the score of his frieze coat. But as Mr. Furlong himself never wore any other than home manufacture, he might be supposed,

pe to the rise and fall
tunes, which, as told in his own words
found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

MARTIN'S EXPERIENCE.

" Let not ambition mock their useful toils,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor."

'It is just five years and three months since I had the luck to leave this neighbourhood,' said Martin, 'and to settle in a place where there is more to be learnt. There was eight of us in the cabin before I quit, with more mouths than acres belonging to it; the two eldest girls quite grown up, and not a penny to portion them. My father stout and hearty, my brothers big able boys. We had more hands nor work; and I strove to get a day's labour now and then at a farmer's; but the wages was only sixpence and two males of potatoes. From ten years of age I had a wish to better myself, and a marriage in the family settled my mind. Judy made her own bargain unknowst, the boy she took up wid was as poor as herself, so of course, he was made welcome to a share of the cabin, though there was more hands there already than employment. Father was deep in

sed. Not above listening to
lly when a poor woman, whose husb
ind wid the rent, took him a few chi
present, or a couple of turkeys, or
any a day's work he accepted from m
d we were proud enough when he ax
aze a few sheep ; for he was a good so
took, no ways stiff or particular. I
ow his friendship did us no good ; we
r and worser, the chaper farm he
ever fell vacant, and when the new
to the house, I made up my mind to
‘ Well, not a penny had I on this
even and sixpence, the price of one
othing on my back but one shuite
arring the bundle I had on my stick ;
ed be God I was not beholden for al
everence, Mr. Montgomery, gave me
inder his hand, and with that to prod
vork in the county Kildare, where
entirely.

as the ha-pence in my pocket; and I had'ent, when first I began in his service, one farthing left except what was gone in travelling expenses.

'Ten-pence a day was my reg'lar wages, the master allowed no holidays, and had work for foul weather, as well as fair. I was rather handy; and the mistress gave me odd jobs of the evenings, after I had done wid the master,—Basket-making and other nic-nacs, always paying me very exact either to the hour or for the job, so that I could count on my airnings; but what set me up entirely, was leave to sleep in the offices, for Mr. Fitzgerald soon perceived that I was'ent one for keeping company, and that I made no acquaintance out of the place.

'One half of my wages kept me in food, and I soon got a few decent rags on my back; then came the time for saving my wages, and och!—how thankful I was that our master didnt keep holidays, especially when I came to put my savings into the bank; mostly, ten shillings a month, so that at the year's end, I had nearly six pounds. Mr. Fitzgerald's farm was a picture; I never see'd the like for regulation and cleanliness. My heart riz when I looked at the comfort and plenty, and what could be made out of land. Its then I longed for as much as one rood to myself; to be watching the seeds growing after my hand, and to try if I could'ent do something. Well at long and at last, I took courage and spoke to the master, for he had no more pride nor a child; and, sure enough he lets me have an acre. A

odness that followed me ; undesas
as of the same.

‘The bit of a field was poor enough,
for twenty shillings, cess and rent
aded ; and, being full of hillocks and
id plenty of stones on the surface, was
actice for a young beginner. I set a
gather the stones by task-work ; a
venty-fifth day of March, afore c
orning, just sixteen months after I
put my first spade into my own b
id dug at a drain till the labourer’s b
e master’s ; for ye may believe I wa
quit his employment, no not for or
e year. My little farm had a wet b
aining is expensive in point of time,
othing pays so well as well-made dra
alls them French ; but supposing t
ad to be above learning, even from one
; I’ve often observed when I can

an early and a plentiful crop, for the seeds were of the best, and they were kept as clane as the mistress's flower-beds. By the end of September my field was a picture to look at, as flat as your hand, and ready for wheat; the master, God bless him, lent me his beautiful plough, and his lovely harrow, for i'll do the quality that justice, Master Furlong, they are noways discouraging, especially wid young beginners; and where they see an inclination to industry.

'The half-acre of wheat, brought me eight pounds clear profit; the rood of early potatoes four, and the other rood which I kept for seed, was valued at five, so yer will see, that in the course of one year; I had substance to the worth of seventeen pounds, not counting the straw, nor the clover coming on, nor a pretty decent show of rape put in after the early potatoes. I mostly working with Mr. Fitzgerald at my regular wages, except the few days I was putting in my little crops, or digging out the garden, and that was mostly done after hours. The early morning and the evenings, for eight months in the year; with a little gossoon at three-pence a day, kept the ground clear and gathered manure,—its waste of time above all things that brings poverty. I have now nearly six years experience as a labouring man, and a small farmer, and know to a far-thing the value of fifteen minutes.'

'Signs on ye, Martin,' responded the mistress of the house with ready approbation; 'why that one

health the more that's drew from it. The
mouldering the wheat, and the turnips ;
after the early potatoes ; not forgetting the
distancing all.'

' You live convenient to the Curragh,' ' o'
Furlong. ' Who knows but the luck blows
quarter?'

' By no means, Master Furlong, its ne
ambling nor a horse-racing spec, that I'm
doing, but the rotation farm, and the
the clean crops, the draining, and above
manure-heap. When I threshed out the wh
ad plenty of straw, my next gain was a s
or'd in calf.'

' Heaven save us!' cried Mrs. Furlong, a
ng cow widout one rood of pasture; w
live where did she graze? or was she kept
coach-horse?'

' You're not far out there, mistress F
cleanliness and comfort are as wholes

bought hay, the cratur did'ent starve. I had a small patch of lucern too, which cuts over and over, so that between the green food, and the warm lodging, she came on surprizing: her manure soon cleared the cost of the hay. Och how my heart riz, when I milked my own cow, rubbed her down like a horse, and led her to the water. She was in poor condition when I bought her, but of a good breed, and became in no time the greatest beauty in the place.'

Michael looked at Rosy, she smiled ; his heart riz too, they both thought of Norah, and Martin went on.

'Its the greatest of waste, Mister Furlong, to pasture a milch cow, no one would believe it, that hadn't tried the two ways, but its waste of all kinds which ruins the country ; all sorts of food is as wholesome fresh cut, as eat off the field ; and clover especially is much better after some hours. Then to see that same growing again and again, instead of being trampled down and run over ; a few shillings worth of Gypsum, if thrown on over-night when the dew's on the grass, or a prospect of a shower, will bring on a second crop most surprising ; but I hav'nt come yet to Guano, which is the wonderfulest of all. However, they say that our own druggists at home can make manure equal to any sorts of animals, and if that be the case any poor man can farm a bit of land, or turn his hand to a small garden, without the expence of a cow ; supposing he's a turn for industry ; but its idleness and loss of time, which

any a job is wanting at home, which w
ouldn't hinder at all. The walls of th
oulding with dirt, or the cow-house wh
ie hens roosting about, and losing their eg
ant of a bit of a hen-house; or the fox
ie turkeys because there's a hole in the d
ie rats eating the young ducks, when a few
ould secure them, or a bit of a board wou
ie whole clutch.'

'Ye say nothing but what's true,' re
urlong, 'but how can poor cratures hel
isfortunes; now there's Judy Goss lost
oung geese, and if sixpence could buy
ompliment of slates, she could'nt, I'll
ompass that same.'

'I can't believe it, Mister Furlong, beggi
ardon. Would'ent the price of one b
otatoes fix up a tidy place for the poultr
ow many stones and half-stones, does J
he likes of her, sell to buy tea? Its not t
the money of sei

Now where was the sty, or the pig-trough ! or where was her son, letting all go to loss.'

'Larry Goss is after what wont come to much good, I fear,' observed old Furlong. 'He's not going the way to pay his own rent, or keep the roof over his mother's head, only idling his time, and keeping company himself and his whole family, working-days and holidays, at home and abroad. But go on wid your story, we have not come to the wife yet. They say in these parts, that she is'ent the worst of yer luck, and that she brought ye a fortune.'

'I had fifteen pounds from her father, sure enough, but the money was'ent what I thought most of when choosing a companion; for many a woman wastes more nor she brings. It was what I saw of her conduct that settled my mind, her quiet behaviour, and stay-at-home ways. What she gathered herself was more than her fortune; a good feather-bed—a box full of clothes—two quilted quilts—two wheels, and twelve dozen of yarn. Now there's few girls that might'ent have the like, if they kept to the house and minded their work. But I did'ent think of a wife till I had a place to keep her. From less to more, the master increased my little holding; I got a tidy farm of four acres, and a snug cabin, and an enclosed yard; we are in it these two year last lady-day, and keep three dairy cows. For there's no better hand for butter than Ellen; she gets the head of the market for her cools, and a shilling a pound from private families for

above earning an honest penny, and
of industry are sweet. Our cows are
as I keep them constant in the straw
take time and trouble, but it is time
good profit, for they are making
the summer, never without plenty
and plenty of food ; clover, mangel-
turnips in turn ; for since this stuff
was brought from foreign parts, no
without his compliment of turnips, an
enough now, not to be despising trials
surprised to hear that we skim our
sweet, like some, but after three mal
greater profit of butter, and the bot
crops is more nourishing for man and
buttermilk. We have three pigs fatteni
—a breeding sow of the first quality,
av' course. Plenty to eat for e
ourselves, the ass, and two prentice

Most of Martin's hearers had hea

cows—two calves—apprentice boy and girl ; pigs and poultry, yet all was accounted for, all brought about by the personal diligence, economy, and observation of one man. By making the most of every hour ; by learning from those who had knowledge to teach—by abstaining from liquor—from combinations—meetings—and unprofitable company.

Emboldened by the good nature of the speaker, Michael ventured a few questions, and received such information as is now so well understood, and so easily attained, that those who run may read ! ‘ ’Tis not so far to my place,’ added Martin ; ‘ come home with me and judge for yourself ; this part of the country is greatly behind, and why should it ? for land is land all over the world.’

So tempting an offer was not rejected ; Michael accepted it with gratitude,—‘ provided’—he said, ‘ that his father could spare him.’ Furlong declared that spare him he must, and Martin, to insure the company of his new acquaintance, proposed to call next morning at Anabeg.

It was not without feelings of shame that Michael Cassidy walked over the farm with so enlightened a companion ; for the conversation of the preceding evening had gone far to convince him of what he before suspected, that the fourteen acres held by his father, presented a miserable specimen of prejudice, bad management, poverty and waste.

One old cow, exhibiting more ribs than udder.

seeds in all direction; or where
coltsfoot—maintaining its long e
cendancy, with other indigenou
trated Phil Cassidy's advocacy fo
nature.

A number of useless ditches,
fence nor defence, occupied at l
of ground, while not less than
having gone through the savage
plucking,—shared the scanty fare
rupeds, and added not a little
picture of destructiveness.

Next was a hay-field, redolent o
shedding its seeds in all directions.
ed a long respite from the scythe
that a wet July—no rare occurrence
erald Isle—might slake the thirst
give a chance benefit to the hay, at
to the aftergrass. Then came th
niment' of oats with thistles

fourteen acres. If we had'ent a back-half year and time, it would be impossible to live. We get that, to be sure, but its the landlord's own interest to allow it, or no one could hould the farm. However, wid the arable land, and bit of a boy, we make a shift to live, and must be thankful for three males of potatoes all the year round, or two in the bitter six weeks.'

'Upon an improved system,' said Martin, 'it is proved that a man may live comfortably, pay his rent to the day, and have money to the fore, with half the land you hold; indeed I say nothing but the truth, and spake from my own certain knowledge.'

'What,' cried Phill contemptuously, 'is it to set up a system, as you call it, in this place? Why, man alive, if we were to thry such novelties we might go to the road. Experiments wont do for small farmers who are living from hand to mouth.'

'I have tried the new system myself'—persevered the Kildare Cottier, 'and find it answer beyant all expectation. I give my land no rest—have two crops in place of one, sometimes three, and it pays me right well.'

'I see what yer at, Master Martin,—story-book farming, Scotch management, new lights for old eyes, but it won't do; the like is'ent known here; there's no such goings on in this country.'

'I wish I could see you with a small patch of vetches or lucern for those poor cows of your's,' replied Martin, laughing, 'or a rood or two of good clover; they would make a different appearance,

said Cassidy, 'it may gain something from the
be rain, and the crop is a little higher. We
could'ent afford a top-dressing. Now we can't
for curiosity sake, but there's no use in
home new fangles, we cannot run
of estate.'

CHAPTER VII.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

" She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house,—two wheels she had
Of antique form ; this, large for spinning wool ;
That, small for flax ; and if the one had rest
It was because the other was at work."

Wordsworth.

NEXT morning, Michael was early astir, preparing for his journey, in the happiest spirits, feeling himself greatly elevated by the notice of so clever and prosperous a person as Martin Moriarty, and attributing such notice to the good word and good will of some friend at Anamore ; an inference much more flattering than if assured it was exclusively owing to his own merits, and the discrimination of his new acquaintance.

They were both excellent walkers ; and Michael who knew something of geography, could scarcely believe that the globe did not go round in double quick time, so soon did sun-set seem to follow sun-rise. Their way was beguiled by cheerful conversation and instructive remarks upon the country through which they passed ; to

goings of the morning and the ev
who girdeth the hills with joy, clo
with corn, and covereth the pastu

Never had he felt such a gl
emulation, so lively a desire to
example, as, when listening to
companion, the latter expatiated
of domestic life; described his
home, and adduced many instanc
industry, and seeking for instr
those who "learn and labour to g
ing" was equally blessed.

'After all,' added the gratefu
'there's no place like the countr
equal to the enjoyment of the fr
sweet smells; no occupation so go
soul, as tilling the ground, wat
seeds springing again into life; fe
cratures that can't spake for thems
our own dependence on Him who

cousin of my mother's, who keeps a dray; and promised to get me employment in a distillery; I don't say that badness is not to be met wid in all places, country as well as town, and temptation every where, even in a desert island, for a man's thoughts are often his worst companions. Still, I'll uphold, that there is less bad vice to be seen, and more good to be got in the country; if its only the liberty of the lonesome fields, where a christian sowl may be communing wid itself, and going over its sins, as in duty bound. Or, if its only the bit of a home, out of sight, out of hearing, where a peaceable man may keep himself to himself, out of the way of mischief; neither ashamed or afeard of the eye that's upon him.

‘ We're not far off home now; ye need'ent mistrust your welcome nor dread a sour look opening the door. No, blessed be His name to whom we owe all; its the smiling face, and the heartsome voice which meets one on the threshold. Night falls, and so best, for all *her* work will be done, and she'll have the blazing fire, and the bit hot supper waiting us. We'll stale softly through the yard, and hear her, the cratur! as I often do, singing a ditty to rise up her lone heart; twill be the praises of Kildare, a favourite song in these parts, set to an ancient ould tune, by poor Thady the piper.’

Ellen was singing, not the praises of Kildare, but another composition of the same rustic bard, more applicable to her present circumstances.

THE HEAVEN'S BE HIS SPEED !

The cows are milked, the calf is fed,
The butter's off the churn ;
I wish I had not made such haste,
Or that he would return.

The cuckoo clock is often wrong,
It ca'n't be far off nine ;
Puss purrs, and Tiger wags his tail,
They've quicker ears than mine.

I'm watching for his welcome step,
His tread upon the floor,
He's never backward of his word
He must be at the door.'

Martin was at the door ; he waited
had heard the last line, and then gave
known signal. It was answered by
tion of joy ; the stranger retreated for
but was soon recalled, and met with
smiles and kind greetings, as left no
hospitable welcome. The blazing
hearth, and evident preparations for

destrians. While Michael could not forbear expressing his astonishment, or refrain from requiring further explanation as to ways and means.

It seemed scarcely credible that little more than four acres of land, however judiciously managed, could accomplish such ends; and had he not seen, he could not have believed; had all not been accounted for, he could not have conceived what may be, and what are the results of perseverance, uprightness, laudable emulation, and the cheerful performance of every duty belonging to that individual station, in which it pleases the bountiful Giver of all good to place his accountable creatures.

Martin, true to his word, made the stranger acquainted with all the improvement of his improving neighbourhood; explained, and proved to him the benefits of a regular system, gave him instructions as to the cultivation of green crops, and the proper management of the straw yard.

He saw, with the advance of scientific knowledge, and the removal of old prejudices, an economical appropriation of time—an universal stir, employment remunerated; a decently-clad population, a more comfortable description of dwelling-house; and was filled with gratitude towards those patriotic improvers at home, who by devoting their time and talents to the introduction and encouragement of agriculture and arts, were seeking by every legitimate means, to snatch his beloved country from destruction—to raise her in the scale of nations, and redeem

heart be seared, or that vice engender bitterness, can enter the dwelling of the virtuous man, disturb his peace, and partake of his comfort, without acknowledging their kindly influence. It was not that Michael Cassidy first learnt to love the loathsome vice, beneath the roof of a comfortless stranger, for such feelings are not the growth of a day; with him they were the growth of years, early implanted by his parents. Bridget, his mother, was an upright guide, a pious pains-taker; submitting with meekness to her husband's will, she set her children the example of obedience. They knew her to be devout, sincere, unoffending. While the father, though too much of a dilettante to win equal confidence, was not without a share of dutiful respect. He had stinted himself to give his young family the advantage of education, and Michael, being one to make the most of opportunities, was as we have seen, something of a scholar. He read not idly

had therefore a promising foundation, on which to build, when he undertook the elevation of a mind predisposed by useful reading, to let in those broader views which opened to the stranger in his first visit to Kildare.

Previous to that visit, there was much working in his mind ; he longed to exert, to rise above the depressions of poverty, to emerge from drudgery to independence ; to see those around him, neither hungry or naked ; to witness the amelioration of existing evils ; but, to his *then* perception, nothing good nor effectual could be achieved without the aid of wealth, or interest, that '*ignis fatuus*,' which in the opinion of the lower Irish, supersedes all justice ; on which the injured depend for redress, the guilty for acquittal. In pursuit of which the idle wastes his time, the frugal his hard-earned pittance ; which to the designing who assume to possess it, proves a mine of wealth, to the credulous who trust to it, a shaft of destruction.

But from his new friend, Michael learnt better, and he returned to his father's house, convinced by all he saw elsewhere, that small beginnings may produce great ends ; that individual perseverance in well-doing may surmount all difficulties, and that without it, neither money, nor interest, nor the best concocted plans can possibly succeed.

He had gone forth from a home, which however humble, was not without the decencies of life ; nor without the respect which is attached to their

adices of his father—than whom I
ol owned no firmer adherent, nor the
of his ancestors a more devoted bigo
all that his son adduced of agricultu
ement elsewhere, he had but the one
ll that was reported as actually comi
he eye of his informant he shook hi
aduously. Experiments and novelties
or landed proprietors, who had no r
or for those who had lifts like I
would surely send others to the high
ing for poor tenants was far too costl
keeping cattle in the house, it mi
enough for stall-fed bastes, where the
int of hay, but for milch cows, sure eve
that they were all the better for hay
for their food. Then, ‘as to break
re-fields, or sowing grass seeds—did’
ral grass always get a-head and bate
als in three or four years!’—again,

set enough to make out the rent without buying outlandish stuff from a parcel of cheats, and spending money they had'ent, on new-fangled trials.'

Such were the disheartening responses of the father whenever the son attempted to broach a subject of so much interest to himself; and Christmas approached without his having gained a step, except that he had concluded his bargain with Rosy Furlong for her cow, which last was established in a shed reluctantly accorded him; but even while her improvement was evident, while succulent food and warmth increased her milk and added to her appearance, old Cassidy retained his prejudices, ridiculed the prolonged confinement of the 'lady in the straw'—and foretold as a consequence, the loss of her limbs.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCHOOL.

"His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Played on his lips; and in his speech was
Paternal sweetness, dignity and love !
The occupation nearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness."

Cowper.

AMONGST the inmates of Cassidy's dwelling have already noticed 'Jemmy North scholar.' He was nephew to Bridget, a only child, fatherless, motherless, poor and unhealthy; yet the orphan, although dependent, was not without use in his position. He had been brought home, when infant, by Phill Cassidy, and sent to the school, where in course of time the poor boy became rather distinguished as a

who could not afford to pay for the tuition of their children except 'in kind,' and affording to others, who lived too far from the parish school, an opportunity of instruction.

The payments of the pupils, although not very remunerative, answered every purpose of their teacher. The Cobler made shoes half-price, or mended them gratis for the younger Cassidys. The Tailor did likewise; the Carrier conveyed butter or poultry free of charge to Dublin. Other parents gave a few days' labour in spring and harvest; and thus the afflicted orphan, instead of hanging on his kind relations as a burden, became their benefactor; and next to his uncle, the most important person in the family.

Irish children, generally speaking, are ambitious of learning, and with few exceptions love those by whom they are instructed; they are grateful, generous, and self-denying. Many an egg the hungry girl saves, and many a ripe apple tempts the boy in vain, which finds its way into the teacher's hand: The child will spare from its own scanty meal to feed the chicken destined the same way: and no teacher, male or female, was ever more beloved than Jemmy Norton;—kind and obliging to all, he was ready at any moment to make up an account, to write a letter for a neighbour, or correct a calculation gratis, so that the Barn School increased beyond all expectation of its humble founder, and about the period of Michael's visit to Kildare, had a very respectable attendance of grown children.

o school-children, and he saw no reason why it should not be adopted at home.

He knew, and acknowledged that the system was doing for the young ; that both religious instruction and moral training were benevolently attended to by the wealthier classes gave both time and opportunity to the progress of education : But he knew that habits of application were too often confined to the school-room, that the best and most correct discipline, exercised by the most watchful eye, were often counteracted by the demoralizing laxities of home, and that the hours which were spent in slothfulness or play, were not fully employed by the child, must form a weak foundation for the man, and fortify him against the temptations of after-life.

Arrived himself at manhood, he acknowledged with thankfulness the wholesome discipline which his love of occupation was de-

of such duties learn the great art of domestic happiness.

Michael was not one to spend his philanthropy in vain complaint, or to give up a project because some might deem it hopeless. The time was passed when he imagined that the blessed privilege of benefitting others was confined to the rich or the powerful. A broader light was dawning on his understanding. He sought for wisdom, and it was not denied. Good desires 'took possession of his soul : '—He felt that the lowliest of all God's creatures is not formed in vain : That the owner of one talent is as much accountable as the owner of ten, and the way-faring pilgrim as responsible for every deviation from his weary path as those who travel with a princely retinue, or sleep beneath a gilded canopy : That no created being is exempt from, or incapable of contributing to the universal good—all having the same haven—the same inheritance, where, when they "die in the Lord, their works do follow them."

The spirit of ambition, at one time selfish, gave place to an emulative ardour, and a desire for the general good. He felt it not impossible for an '*hereditary bondsman*,' to break his chains; and, even by his own exertions, to become independent,—He longed to be 'up and doing'—and hope—hope so indigenous in Irish hearts, which neither the ploughshare of disappointment can uproot, nor the sterms of adversity blight, led to expectation of happier times, when a well-directed use of the *intelligence* with which a beneficent Creator has

earning and labouring to get their own fold under one shepherd. When each member of the universal family, although not 'sitting under his own fig-tree,' shall stand under his own peaceful roof, neither thief nor the abettor of murderous combinations, nor unholy leagues.

That such views should emanate from the grave of Michael Cassidy's grade, may seem a fancy much too Utopian for the reality. But we would entreat the incredulous reader to despise the simple annals of the corn companionship with humble life, and get that intellect belongs not to grade, but to mind is perhaps in no other country, or among any other people, more generally diffuse than that green spot of earth where so rich and so productive of so little benefit ! where plenty, born with her children, is so easily transformed into discord, and credulity, in :

humble Christian—"the will of the Lord be done"—is breathed with unfeigned submission.

The scheme which occurred to Michael, was no subject for declamation—no wild speculation—involving danger, and calling for expenditure, but simple, practicable, within the grasp of a child. It had succeeded elsewhere, it might succeed with him : and therefore, letting neither fears nor difficulties, nor the dread of ridicule deter him, he resolved to do, and to do without delay.

Entering the Barn School, and waiting patiently till the clamour of universal spelling was hushed, he requested the attention of all present, and made a proposal, and broached a plan which called forth a universal shout of approbation.

In vain did the gentle master raise his voice, in vain did Michael entreat a quiet hearing. The hint already dropped was quite sufficient ; and —' Long life to you, Mick Cassidy'—' That ye may win !'—' More power to the farmer !' was reiterated at the top of every voice, silencing all other sounds, until boys and girls having screeched themselves hoarse, there was at length some opportunity for explanation.

Michael—resolved to follow the advice given him by Rosy Furlong and Martin Moriarty, to make a beginning for himself, was also resolved not to withdraw his assistance from his father. He had heard as we have said, of garden-allotments, of schools combining agricultural labour with other branches of education. The field he was about to rent was larger than that on which his Kildare

some beneficial results.

As school broke up at three o'clock many precious hours—especially in summer, worse than wasted in idleness—no disciplinarian, no ascetic. His project no farther than the substitution of innocuous enjoyment, of healthy recreation for the usual vicious excitement. He knew that to restrain, without giving something in exchange, was to waste authority, and encouraging That the energies of youth, like an overflowing stream, will find their level, despite restriction; and that if necessity urges the change of channel, wisdom should prescribe the better, not the other.

It was with the hope of such an open view presented himself at Norton's humble and proceeded to describe the project in his own view. But scarcely was his first sentence uttered than another and a louder burst of

ready an willing every one. I can work like a neger when the humour's upon me.'

But Michael wanted no holidays; neither the appropriation of any other time than that usually given to play; and he offered to eight of the most grown and most deserving of the boys to divide between them one rood of ground; lay it out equally in gardens; furnish seeds, and allow them all the profits, without any deductions, if they would give up foot-ball, marble-playing, pitch-and-toss, with other idle games; and assist him in the cultivation of his little farm.

'God reward you, Michael!' ejaculated the master in a tone of deep and pious feeling. 'Luck and fortune to ye,' vociferated the pupils; all of whom put in their claim; and Michael had no small difficulty in making his selection, until it was agreed that Jemmy Norton, who was '*fairity* itself,' should decide on the merits of the claimants.

The delight of those chosen we shall not attempt to describe; it was exceeded only by the good temper of the rejected. Boys and girls equally offered their assistance, urging his or her capability of picking stones, weeding, or setting seed. There were but a few who could not do something; and Michael took care not to chill their enthusiasm by any rejection.

The same afternoon, that no time might be lost, master and pupils hastened to the scene of action, and proceeded to subdivide the ground. *Michael*, with all the zeal of some great architect,

employed, skimming the turf like summer
beehiving each other in a work of love.
looming faces dressed in smiles, their glad
voices raised in concert.

Although the evenings were short, an
ood was cleared of stones, and work appor
or the following afternoon—a period antic
s a jubilee. In short, the scheme succee
miracle, and might have done credit to a
experienced financier. It had the attractive
mendation of novelty. There was a spirit
doption, and a generosity in the executio
ndered its director highly popular; esp
ith the young. He took care that the
iven to the adventure should not interfere
e prior claims of parents, and thus was a
ay sacrifice of greater to lesser duties. Th
contribution of an eighth part of his farm to

every weed, dug their respective garden-plots, collected withered leaves, turf-mould, pulled off the worn-out grass for burning, and completed every necessary preparation for sowing seeds. In short, without the advantage of summer trenching, or of cow-house manure, save a very small gift from their employer, but with the substitution of Guano, just then beginning to be known—their regularly-marked-out beds, by careful and frequent turning, became fairly pulverized.

The possession of power enabled Michael to form rules and enforce their observance. If any one of the infant colonists was known to quarrel—to exhibit symptoms of jealousy—to absent himself without sufficient cause, or to tell an untruth, his portion was forfeited. But no instance of forfeiture occurred. Offers of service pressed upon him; the Barn School increased; permission to work in the model farm, and learn gardening, being the reward for diligent application to study and obedience to the master, whose own diligence and zeal were stimulated by such success.

In the remote and unenlightened district where such an experiment was made, there were of course doubts very generally expressed of its results; and proof required before most lookers-on could be brought to believe that such a system would not terminate in disappointment. But the most prejudiced against all innovation and novelty could not deny what was evident to every beholder; that before Midsummer the cold and barren waste was transformed into a field of pro-

the very best sort, ripened early in July
ing a remunerative price, and affording a
able relief to a starving population, w
scarcity of food, that regularly *happens*
land during the months of June and
eaves the unthrifty cottier dependent on t
boarder for his daily subsistence at a ruin
ense.

‘I can’t understand it at all,’ said B
hen she saw her son transplanting rape, d
s he dug out his early potatoes, and hear
alking of buying half-an-acre of oats, wi
oney received for the former. ‘It’s pa
mprehension,’ she continued ; ‘It’s what
as done in this country afore—a boy lik
be buying up oats. Then to see how the
rives, without ever a run, or stretching he
t to walk to the wether!’”

thinking to buy poor Dennis Dolittle's half-acre of oats, when the cratur is forced to sell off beforehand, and which I wouldnt covet, only in respect of the straw. But wait till you'll see a half-acre of wheat, or may be three roods; which will help me to butter the ground, and we'll have a return, I'll warrant.'

The mother turned up her eyes and clasped her hands at the mention of wheat. 'I can't make out, Michael, and may-be never shall, what our fathers were doing afore us. Sure no one ever thought of sowing wheat in this country!—and is'ent the land as poor as it ever was? Have a care, mavourneen, what yer about. If money could be made out of ground, why should your own father never know what it was to have five pounds together in all his born days, except when making up the rent; and often hard set to compass that same. He that is always sparing, always scrimping both man and baste, could he buy a neighbour's oats on the ground? or get the cost of one rood of wheat? No, not even in the good days of Boneypartey, when a pig—rest his sowl—was worth money.'

'It is'ent the scrimping system,' resumed Michael, 'or the starving man and baste that will help labour, or manure ground—no, mother jewel, it's the improved plans and the rotation, and the green crops. It's providing in time, neyther letting the saisons nor the weeds get ahead. It's the forethought, and the cheerful heart, and the strong hope, and the thankfulness where it is due,

such a
reverse, and—wid a blessing, will
land.'

'Aye, and be fed too,' replied the
rushing to her eyes—'Yes, darlint,
wid ye. He who rules all kept you
put the good thought in your heart.
and often I felt the bitter sting c
when the pulse of my life, my own
gave up his fortune for the sake c
And when the ould clothes were
and the beautiful broadcloth give
no other feelings than those of a th

'You were the rale friend for all
her son, 'so never fret for what's
be a poor return for all you ever
disremembered my duty. And i
only go hand in hand there would
"Island."

longing to feed in the yard, if Mister Furlong can be brought to hear *raison*.'

Mr. Furlong, it seemed, was brought to hear reason: whether in consequence of Rosy's persuasions, or Michael's example, does not appear. He not only yielded to her wishes, but commenced preparations for following the same system himself; was frequently seen to visit the lately worthless field, and overheard to speak with approbation of his tenant.

Such approbation in such a quarter, more than satisfied the modest ambition of the young improver; especially when the kindly influence of Annamore, extending to Annabeg, Old Cassidy began to 'soften,' and take pride in a son whose counsel and examples his rich and influential neighbour was not ashamed to follow; for Mr. Furlong, who led opinion in the parish, did not scruple to declare, after witnessing the experiment for eighteen months, that he could no longer shut his eyes to the beneficial results of an effort at once so humble, yet so spirited; or deny that the youths thus brought under its influence, instead of wasting their best hours in idle sports, or in acquiring a rabid appetite for low gratifications, were zealous for improvement; emulative of useful knowledge, giving their faculties to the developement of nature; seeing more in the wondrous progress of vegetation than the germs of a potatoe-stock; acquainting themselves with soils and seeds, following the bent of a laudable curiosity. That embryo horticulturists, mineralogists,

Where peace, the characteristic attribute,
lustrous, and humility, the hand-maid of
edge, teach their willing votaries to look
nature, up to 'nature's God,' and to express
the words of the poet:—

“These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame!”

* The author begs to refer to the experience of Canton, as one proof at least of the utility of the experiment advocated in this humble tale.

‘It is scarcely to be believed, how much pleasure children derive from the lessons of astronomy, geography, and history. It is delightful to see how eagerly they press their teachers; how they retain the knowledge imparted; and so far is it from giving them a distaste for their studies, that they run to them, with redoubled ardour; and in talking to each other in that strain of vice and folly, which they had been habituated, they discourse of their acquired ideas of science and useful knowledge.’—Canton’s *‘Bible and Spade.’*

CHAPTER IX.

ENVOIOUS NEIGHBOURS.

"'Tis the bright day that doth bring forth the adder."

WE don't pretend to say that the improved condition of Annabeg, when the family, uniting heart and hand, pursued the same system together; was without creating amongst their neighbours many an unkind feeling; for though Michael, like those who 'do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,' shrunk from all notoriety, the report of the 'model farm,' brought envy and jealousy around him, those exhibitions of selfishness indigenous in human nature, and which will only cease with the existence of its parent earth.

But malicious insinuations fell harmless upon the ear of Michael Cassidy, for honest prosperity is slow to take offence, and he was too full of occupation to waste time in listening to idle gossip. Perhaps, taking his success into consideration; he had fewer enemies amongst the idle than might be expected; if we except the family of Larry Goss; who, although a show of friendship was still maintained, could not altogether

observed Judy Goss, as she sat herself
e capacious hearth at Annamore; 'I
ter calling at Annabeg. If you'll b'l
a'am, the kitching in that house is just
r learning; little Jem Norton wid no le
aster his self; the boy that we thought
orts of teaching already. Maps spread
ble, rulers and compasses: as grand
laize, like the squire or his agent; sa
vo, with Michael aside them; geograph
o the best of my knowledge; ould Phil
anden over their shoulders; three or fo
oys gaping like innocents. The two girl
s silent as night; the mother as clane
as Sunday, knitting a sock and not d
pake. You would'ent guess, ma'am,
aster was teachin' them?'

be so taken up wid such sort of reading. No wonder yez hav'nt a word for a neighbour, only silent looks when folks call in civilly; we'll come to the bottom of all the wonderful luck yet, and in which of his drains Michael rakes out the gould.'

'I think,' said Rosy, laughing, 'that the luck was yours, just popping upon them while they were talking over their secrets; of course you remained until all was explained.'

'Av course, as you say, miss, I was'ent for going, but sot on designedly, houlding my tongue, and taken down as well as I could; howsoever, its little I gained by my trouble; only there's wheels within wheels; secrets in most families, mistress Furlong; and ye may depend that Michael's wonderful fortune do'nt all come from his farming.'

'Then you made no certain discovery,' resumed Rosy, 'except that it's a secret?'

'They are too cute entirely, the whole of that family to let man or mortal into their secrets; not a word did I hear out of their lips, but the greatest of nonsense, as if they got on o' purpose to blind me; consarning the nature of this soil, and the nature of that, as if soil is'nt soil, since Adam was a boy; barring where there's limestone or the like, which is'nt in this place at all. Then they talked ever so long of the value of salt; sure the beggars themselves knows *that* widout learning, let alone them that cures bacon and butter, costly enough it is, mistress Furlong!

we're not, all of us, born to work, an
ing else from years-end to years-end, b
same crop off the very same ground ;
and digging, and digging and planting
lay of our birth till the hour of our c

I lave it to you if we want to be ta
what surpassed all was little Jem takin
inted book and pretending to read
ng up dung-heaps—saven yer presence,

Furlong, if it was'nt enough to sicl
hen. I was'nt the fool, howsomever,
asily blinded. Twas other guess mixtur
at, ye may think. I was present by m
m, and saw the girls in that house w
eyes, putting some awful black stuff i
for the geese, like cinders raked out o
omless pit. Well, the same geese we
efore the natural time, and brought on

burns herself, and which has a wonderful effect when mixed up with the food of geese or ducks.'

'Don't take her geese, Miss Rosy!' screamed the widow, in real or pretended alarm; tis'nt alike wid you and the Cassidys; the Furlongs were never beholden to geese; and as to unnatural creatures getting fat upon cinders, I would'nt take a king's ransom to touch one of the sort; I wonder she dare to offer you such a thing; marcy upon us again and again, but them Annabeg people frighten my life out.'

'Here comes my father,' Rosy resumed, 'and as it is in his ground that Michael has found all his riches, you had best tell him your thoughts on the subject; he knows more about the Cassidys than any one else, and won't grudge you a few minutes; we are both going there presently. I have a great curiosity myself to see the new master. 'Father,' she added, as Furlong entered house—'Here is Judy Goss, very much troubled, fretting herself for her neighbours, the Cassidys, and fears that they're in no good way; but getting too rich, and too silent.'

'I'm sorry for your trouble, Judy,' said the farmer, 'but glad at the same time that it's not on your own account.'

'Thank ye kindly, Sir; sure enough the trouble is not for myself, though I am a poor widdy, wid no one to care for me but two fatherless boys, living from hand to mouth, and has'ent a penny laying when the rent is paid. No one can lay to my charge that we have ways and manes un-

ange him at this time or day.

Encouraged to proceed by the apparent
mour of her host, Judy Goss went on.

'I don't mane the father more nor the cl
r. Furlong. They've one and all go
emselves, keeping away from corpse-l
ldom attending a funeral, very disrespe
e dead; and seldom, except there's s
ing near a neighbour. Then when you
hy they're so strange, one and all answe
ey hav'ent the time? Now I lave it to
bit of a bog, though it is turned into a
ould take 'em up that-a-way? Had
lways five times the land? to be sure i
tocked as it's now, for they keep no l
our milch cows this year, and is raring
ceding pigs, and sowing wheat like the
r. Furlong who do they dale

long, who knew that her boys had their instruction from Norton without any charge.

‘I’m not good at keeping accounts,’ she replied, nor would ever think of such things among neighbours.’

‘Don’t be in a hurry, however, to take your boys from the school, Jemmy Norton is going away for the present, and!’—

‘Going,’ she cried, with all the impatience of malicious curiosity. ‘Going to lave,—so you’ve taken the barn away from him, Sir?’

‘No, but Jemmy is going away from the barn.’

‘See that now,’ again exclaimed Judy; ‘then I’m not the only one that has raisen to fault Jemmy, for you may depend he would’ent go if he thought he could hould on. Poor little object!—some believed him a scholar, and there’s no denying but he brought on the childre, or that he was a help to the family, until Michael began wid his novelties. How will the wonderful farm get on, and the bits of gardens, and all the new-fangled nonsense. But it never was the help of the school childre that did it, or brought such lashings into the house. I would walk to Lough Swilly myself, Mr. Furlong, and not grudge the distance, to find out Mick Cassidy’s secret, or come to a proper knowledge of his luck.’

‘And a more likely road you need not travel,’ said Furlong, laughing, ‘for every mile-stone will bring you nearer your point. But come along Rosy, we’re rather late, I want to see this new

o-night, that he'll not be alone; or
nly to the *good people* for his companions.

'Never mind him, Judy,' said good
Mrs. Furlong, as her mortified visitor
follow the master of the house, 'you know
a good man—he must have his joke. But
friend's advice, and don't go to dispa-
lassidys; there a blessing with Michael
that he does; his secret lies in his g
and duty to father and mother, and his
and good example. He's lading the you
wrong to right, and no one need grudge
he's willing to share.'

'Has'nt he their labour for their lar-
grumbled the dissatisfied widow. What
help has he, but the school-children? do
to all? and what is it he shares—one
ground between eight boys,—great pay in
much gain to the cratures. There for on
Rooney—she had'nt a day's work from

for after-hours when he's out of school, all because they were taught by Michael Cassidy, and that Mr. Montford saw how nice they kept their own little garden-beds, and were no idlers, but thankful for knowledge, and willing to larn.'

'I'm not contradicting you, ma'am,' resumed Judy, who though fearful she might go too far, could not altogether command her temper. 'I'm not disparaging; we all know your disarmment, and far be it from me to feel envy and jealousy of prosperous neighbours. But pride is'nt becoming; and what is resarve, mistress Furlong, but the upper crust of pride. Margo may even herself wid the squire, or Michael may splink at his betters, but 'tis'nt because the sun shines on the frog, that the crature's the nearer going to heaven.'

It was at this period of the conversation that Mrs. Furlong assumed a much more serious tone. 'There is a great difference, Judy,' she observed, 'in the way you speak, and what the minister said of Michael Cassidy in my bearing. It was a beautiful remark, and I love to repeat it. 'Michael loves God'—says he—'and keeps his commandments, "and all things work together for those that love God." That was his explanation of the boy's good luck; 'he larns and labours,' says Mr. Montgomery again, 'to get his own living, and to provide things honest in the sight of all men.' 'Now, Judy Goss, if such could be said of all our children, boys and girls, would'nt it be a happy land? and if they would read the

word of God, and good books, and useful books, instead of idle ballets, and bad papers, and if they would stay at home of nights, and say their prayers, no doubt they might live in the land, and be fed too. The Lord does a dale for his creatures, but I fear that not many thinks of their great debt. No poor sinner can repay, to be sure, but they can confess to His goodness, and to all they owe, and be thankful when they see one righteous man rise up in the place, like Lot, whom we read of in the Bible, for the prayers of the righteous availeth much, and so does his example; and should'nt it be a consolation to you and to me and to every parent, that our children have such an example always before their eyes; and that when we lave the world, which in the course of nature we must afore long—that those we lave behind us will not be wanting for friends and counsellors, and good advisers, in our nearest neighbours, and them whom we've known since their childhood.'

Judy Goss could bear no more; instead of being softened or convinced, her spirit waxed more unchristian. Mrs. Furlong's praises of Michael Cassidy stung her to the heart; but she had the prudence to refrain from a verbal demonstration of her feelings; and hastily remarking on the lateness of the hour, rushed from the house, and slapping the door at the risk of breaking the hinges, hastened towards her long-neglected home.

CHAPTER X.

PROVOKING TO WRATH.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

'WHAT'S the news to-night, Mother?' inquired three or four voices, as the widow Goss returned from her round of afternoon-visits.

'News!' she repeated in accents not very expressive of good temper. 'There's no want of news, though I don't say that it's good or agreeable; except that there's one going out of Phil Cassidy's family, and av' course there'll be one mischief-maker less in the country.'

'Sure Margo is'ent going to be married after all?' asked Nelly, 'she's eldest, and av' course'——

'She indeed!' interrupted the mother impatiently—'girls is'nt so aisy got off as all that, and though Michael does coin on three acres of land, he can't give her a fortune yet, I suppose.'

'May be Michael himself,' insinuated Peter, the widow's second son—'He's got very thick with ould Furlong, and is courting Rosy hard and fast.'

'You're out there too,' resumed the mother,

‘ though there’s nothing too great nor too good for the Cassidys ; and its past belief how Mistress Furlong got on this evening, praising them all up to the skies, the ould man himself taking Rosy to their house. They’ll not open their eyes—eythur father or mother, till that upsetting boy asks their daughter in marriage.’

‘ Is it Mick Cassidy ? ’—cried Larry Goss, starting up from his recumbent position on the settle-bed, where he usually dosed away the earlier part of the evening. ‘ He dar’nt have the assurance, at last while there’s breath in my body. I’ll tell yez once for all—girls and boys, that a stop must be put to that chap’s proceedings ; he’s getting too bad entirely ; just to notice his treachery this very day, going off as he did, the thief of the world—and paying up his rent to the last fardin. Afore iver his neighbours were ready with theirs, back half-year and all, clearing all up.’

‘ Back half-year did you say,’ screamed the mother, ‘ och murder alive ! sure he was’nt the traitor to do such a turn ? May be only his own bit of a houlding, to slouther ould Furlong out of some cuteness. He never paid up for the whole fourteen acres.’

‘ For every foot,’ replied Larry, and got his receipt up to the day ; now if he isn’t a villain, tell me who is ? They’re counted good pay, that clears off at Christmas—and not bad that can muster by Candlemas. Few on the estate but is *in arrear*.’

‘ *I wonder his father gave in to the like,*’ added

Peter, 'not one but himself would favour the agent wid two month's clear profit of the money, when it could have been turned three times afore Christmas. I thought Jemmy Norton was a better computor nor that, and that Michael himself had more cuteness.'

'Ye may depend, Peter,' said his mother, 'that it is not want of cuteness in any one of that family; no, its pride, sheer pride, or else spite and ill blood. There was'ent a worse turn done in the place this hundred years, we'll all be come down on without marcy—we'll be expected to do the same. Mark my words, that Mick Cassidy will be cast up for an example to every tenant on the estate; he could'nt have committed a greater sin, nor one more desarving of justice from his poor neighbours.'

'And he shall have it!' exclaimed Larry—his eyes flashing fire; 'there's four or five in the town ready and willing. Tom Flusky owes him above two guineas for potatoes since June. He's tormenting the poor fellow's life out, and threatening to have him decreed; Tom promised to pay when he threshed out the oats, but could'nt, for the March gale was due to the landlord.'

'And Mich Cassidy will have the heart, will he, to decree the poor fellow?' said Judy Goss in some alarm, conscious of being in the same predicament herself; in debt to Michael for last spring's seed-potatoes, and far behind in her resources for making up the rent. 'I would'nt put it past him, nor any other badness to ould neighbours.'

ould us that yet :

‘Jemmy Norton no less, he’s got some
to do down in the north.’

‘Jemmy Norton,’ reiterated Larry,
his own reasons for curiosity, as to any
on the part of the school-master. He
home? are ye sure of what yer saying
rale truth?’

‘I heard it at Annamore; ould Furl
that tould me. Jemmy Norton,’ says he
down to the north; on some secret busi
he. And then himself and Rosy we
Annabeg, while I sot on wid the mi
tired enough I was while she talked fo
of nothing at all but the Cassidy
them up for examples. As if there
nor nobody to come up with them at
their equals; and as if my

some one or other had gave her a sketch. The ould man went down, as I said, himself and Rosy to see the new master, that's coming through the country, taching grown boys to be scholars and farmers, as it is said. The dear knows they don't want more conceit than they have already. Jemmy Norton for one, the little necromancer, wid his larning and his secrets, and his readings, and his dung-hills—the dirty abomination!—He's one good riddance any how, for some-how I blame him the most of em all.'

'So do I—so do I'—echoed from lip to lip, proved the general opinion of the family, to be unfavourable to the mild and unoffending school-master, whom diligence in the only path wherein he could make himself useful, was leading to credit and comfort, consequently exciting the jealousy of old companions; and those who would not follow his example. The females of the party were peculiarly severe.

'He was always unnatural' said Nelly, a poor little deformity, setting up for knowledge and wisdom. Where did he get eythur one or the other, I wonder. What education had he above other boys! or what good is in him more than his neighbours; excepten the lameness which hindered his playing or devarten himself, and was all the advantage that iver he had.'

'He's a dark deceitful villain,' added Larry—'as silent as night, keeping himself to himself, doing no good for nobody—only harm; shirking ould friends, doing a dale of mischief, not caring

for the boys, or of any other sort of sarvice.’
‘Baring it may be secret sarvice,’ resumed
other, ‘giving information or the like.
sketch at the Furlongs, something con
secret; and to tell no lie, they were ve
respectful in their talk to myself. Mistrea
ng so affrontful, and Rosy so sharp, setti
e Annabeg people as if they were our l
nd looking me through like a judge at the
laming and saying disparaging things, si
ne up like a cat at a mouse; sinnatin
lle company, and bad reading. The ould
erself is gone out of all raison, but wait
pshot comes to be seen—wait, as I say,
hael axes Rosy in marriage, and’—
‘Any one that censures Rosy Furlong v
kes of Mick Cassidy,’ cried Larry, again.

father. Responsible people with lashings and lavings, what do they care for Michael's four acres, or for all Annabeg; supposen' he had it. I know what I know, so hold up your head, Larry Goss.'

He threw off her hand with an impatient twitch, adding very roughly—'May-be you know what takes Jemmy from home. May-be ye could tell where the man comes from who stops with the Cassidy's.'

'Deed Larry, jewil, I only know as I'm told. At Furlong's they called him the man with the maps—an inspection, or something in that line; any how he had paper and pen taken down; writing names in a book out of Jim Norton's pocket.'

'Jemmy was giving a list, was he?' inquired Larry, while vengeance flashed from his eyes.

'Yes, but av corse it was the school-childre, you need'ent mind *that*, Larry acushla; But is'nt it bed-time, girls and boys?—have yez all ate yer supper.'

'There's no supper washed yet,' replied Biddy. Peter would'nt go for it.'

'No supper! If iver one heard of the like. Peter why would'nt you bring in the supper.'

'Why should I,' growled Peter. 'What was to hinder Biddy herself, or Nelly, or Joan. Fitter for them to be digging the potatoes, supposen they had em to dig—than to be out gallivanting the whole of the evening, not a spark on the hearth; not so much as a drop of clane wather

‘ w'en supposen you did, is no boys pleasure but girls—there was'ent a sowl, bad, in the house: neythur fire nor food, other liven' crathur, barrin the cat—to bless yer work, or welcome home, Peter be sure, I went off wid myself.’

Mean while the elder brother, who scold a sort of surly colloquy with his own, arose from the settle, and reaching his hand, prepared to quit the house.

‘ Yer not going out, Acushla? enquire ther, assuming her most coaxing manner, will blow up the kettle in no time, I've half of tay, and a quarter of sugar in the caddy. Bridget Cassidy bestowed on us a pottle of jam, she's the best of the bunch when left to her own devices. We'll crack up a cake in a jiffy, and ne hoiling no sunner to-night. sit down a

may it do 'em; wait till justice is got; till all things are equal; us up, and the Cassidys down. Wait till the grinning oppressors are done for; till the devil gets should of his own; till rack-rents and cesses and tithes are knocked over. Tis'ent charity-cakes we'll be trusting to then.'

'All the while we can't starve,' interposed Peter, 'so Biddy, make haste wid this cake if you plaize; I'll blow up the fire, and boil up the kettle.'

While the boy thus spoke, his elder brother, as if to prove his spirit, and his contempt of charity meal, threw a look of scorn all around, and walked out of the house, despite the efforts of his mother, who followed to the door pulling him back and using other acts of gentle violence to retard his purpose.

'Well! if ever any one seed such unnatural or worser children,' she exclaimed; quite forgetting in her anger, to whose weak indulgence and bad example, the faults so loudly reprobated might be attributable. 'To say,' she continued, addressing her daughters, 'that yez were out the whole entire evening, and nothing got ready for working-boys; no blame to them if they broke all the bones in your skins; and no wonder neyther, if Larry goes off where he'll find more comfort.'

'Tis'nt the want of the fire or the supper that takes him out,' retorted the eldest girl, 'an ye know that as well as myself; two of the boys was here afore dark, we guessed they would come

his right.

off to-morrow for the two rats, and
will be clane out of the place; and a
strange scholar too, if he is a scholar.'

'It's like that Larry is gone to warn
added Peter, 'the mention of the stran
master at Cassidy's seemed to give him
anyhow I wish that there was'nt no m
least till the gardens is dug; not a pr
nor bad, barren the kidneys, have v
yet; and they're spoiling entirely, n
hand's turn has he done, that's Lari
seen to do, the last ten days.'

'He's not the boy that he was,' reje
'I don't stand up for his idleness,
what he tells us is wonderful, sett
comes to pass, and it may, who know
may be equaller afore we die, and
ade to come dow

and passing the heavy hours over a few pale embers, alternately dozing, listening for the sound of footsteps, or trying in vain to make light of startling fears which his altered habits could not but generate.

The unreflecting, but accountable parent, while giving way to the forbidden sin of evil-speaking, and thus encouraging the growth of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, amongst the rising generation ; seemed quite to forget that she was laying the foundation of domestic misery ; that punishment might await her in the persons of her own children ; or, that while her favourite topics were the imaginary offences on the part of old friends and neighbours, she was widening a breach which no after-repentance on the part of the maligners might be able to close.

She could herself, while thinking evil and hating those whom she calumniated, fawn, and flatter, and speak the calumniated fair ; but it was not so with those less practised in deception : her children, encouraged to regard as enemies those whom they once esteemed as friends, to look upon them with distrust and jealousy, betrayed their sentiments in estrangement, in side-long taunts, or open reproaches ; and such bitter feelings had now reached to the extent of threatening fearful consequences ; but so habituated was the mother to aggravation, that even with fearful consequences before her eyes, she could not restrain the impulse ; and on that fatal evening, as she sat by the desolate hearth, a consci-

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CHAPTER XI.

THE FATAL MEETING.

ABOUT three in the morning, a well-known step was heard to cross the yard ; and Larry made his appearance, evidently out of humour, but with sufficient appetite to devour the cake, although it was the dole of Bridget Cassidy,—without, however, condescending to ask questions.

There had been a meeting, but the results fell short of his expectations; things were not quite in such a state of forwardness as his exigencies required ; justice was still in the distance ; another subscription was called for : no less than two shillings would be accepted ; a large demand, but the urgency of the case required it. He must find that sum before the next sun-set ; and there was not, at that moment, a single penny in the house. When urged by his mother to take an hour's rest, he rejected the temptation with a groan.

‘ No, there’s no rest for slaves—nor the prospect of rest widout justice. The likes of the Cassidys sleep in their beds, they hav’ent a care

: not feeling the
their backs; nor
nt alike wid the
ie country; och
e: neyther pace,
nor night. I
, and pick out a
et; it's my only
illings. Call up
sleep on. He's
e such chaps to

ngly called, for
practice, as he
se unwillingly,
s; which when
the bog: Larry
from want of
ey passed near
d already laid
ere uttered by
were not those
eathe a bless-

ild, a bright
ed moon, ren-
ernible.
dark fir-trees,
sky, marked
longs; about
direction, the
moon-beams,

looked (as they were) the dwelling of blessedness and peace.

The contemplation of that peace—the stillness, the security, the calm repose, goaded the tortured feelings of the night-walker. He looked out from his own unprofitable distractions upon the hallowed rest of those, who eschewing the ways of darkness, and pursuing the just path in the broad light of day, had planted a garden, and were reposing amongst its fruits; who slept the sleep of security, and would awake in the strength of their uprightness: nor could he repress an instinctive shudder of fear and of remorse, while a comparison between their state and his, would force itself upon him.

‘If guineas were called for, instead of shillings,’ he murmured, ‘tis’nt Mick Cassidy need lave his warm bed to look for ’em; ’tis’nt he need scrimp himself of fire, and lave his hearth could, to sell to the value of a couple of shillings. ’Tis’nt widout his night’s rest, and his warm breakfast, and money in his pocket, that Jemmy Norton sets off on his travels!

‘What are they better nor myself, to be set up? aiting their males at reg’lar hours, and going to bed when they’re tired. Not all as one, as the martyr and slave, who, if a morsel does fall to his share, has neythur pace of mind, nor a moment’s time to take it in comfort. Obligated to break the laws, and put his life in jeopardy—to pay the last shilling he has’nt, as in duty bound, not knowing how to get it, while thraitors, and

it will be coming along with me over-night wid his heifers.' He'll be the coach at the crosses. It passes and six.'

'Coach!' exclaimed Larry; 'Cock a coach. He's not on it yet, the orniture!—nor maybe he wont; I dont w for hi hour or more, so yez may sto are, till I call. Or take it behind ditch, and wait for me there. Mind i yer lives, till I come.'

The two girls, although unwillingly commands of their imperative brothe graded beyond the bounds-ditch. them to their place of concealment, a sued his walk, encouraging his irrita most injurious suspicions of the wh Annabeg, Jemmy Norton especially.

nor maybe won't. I'll have back that list. I'll tache a scholar to settle accounts, 'idout pen, ink, or paper; and clear off ould scores before quitting the country.'

Habitually violent, uncontrolled by education or principle, used to the indulgence of impulse, believing himself to be oppressed, and stung by the pressure of poverty; Larry Goss yielded to the fearful temptation of avenging his imaginary wrongs upon an imaginary enemy; and, striding hastily across the bog, under the sudden resolution of way-laying his unfortunate neighbour, he soon reached the short cut by which Jemmy Norton must pass, and springing to the top of a high fence, cast his searching eye along the lane which led from Annabeg.

It was deep and lonely, seldom traversed except by the few families who cut turf in the bog; the moon was going down, but many bright stars still sparkled in the heavens; and a faint, very faint streak of light was visible in the east, which, although it might dawn as the aurora of a brighter day upon the unsuspecting schoolmaster, was no welcome herald to him who listened with the instinct of a blood-hound, for the approach of a victim.

We do not aver that Larry Goss actually meditated the taking of a life; for he paused not to define his intentions; but led by a false and fearful phantom, which dignifies murder by the name of justice, and forgetful of those precious words, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord,"

he rushed along the fatal path, unchecked by fear, either of God or man.

The lane, as described, was dark and deep, and the shadows of an irregular hedge-row, thrown across by the slanting beams of the declining moon, precluded the possibility of distinguishing objects, except within a few paces : but the extreme stillness of the atmosphere brought every movement within hearing ; nor had the impatient watcher long to wait ere he distinguished an approaching footfall. It indicated no companionship ; it was but the step of one ; it was slow ; it was that of the expected traveller wending his way alone, and the heart of the malignant beat high in expectation of his unwitting triumph. Yet, had that heart put to itself the honest question, 'In what hath this young man offended ?' candour must have replied, 'In nothing, save superior rectitude, resistance of evil, and consequent freedom from the trammels of crime.'

Jemmy was, as we have said, quite alone ; and as his placid smile met the ferocious glance of the way-layer, the latter could imagine that it bespoke the treachery of an informant.

Norton was the first to break silence ; 'God bless your work this morning, Larry, you're early in the bog, but the weather is fine for drawing home ; it would take a clever computer, I'm thinking, to value the worth of such a day at such a season.'

'I'm no computer ; I do'nt set up for a scholar.

'You too, are early out, but *I* can't return your salute, I can't say God bless *your* work.'

'And why not, Larry Goss?'

'Just because I do'nt know what yer after, or why yer given' up the school, or maken' a black secret of your journey. Any other boy would have come and took lave of his ould acquaintance; that's setting case his conscience would let him.'

'My conscience was no hindrance, Larry,' replied Norton, as yet unmoved by the insolent bearing of his companion; 'but my journey was rather sudden; I have been qualifying myself for an examination, and kept uncommon busy; the school is'ent given up; I wont be long absent, and expect to inform myself on many subjects, that may be useful in the country.'

'Maybe you're for giving information as well as getting it, Master Jemmy; dont conceit that I'm blind, but take warning afore it's too late, for not a word *will* pass your lips in the bottom of the black north, or in as good a place, the bottomless pit, but *shall* be known in the south; there's no back-doors for thraitors in these times. What's come of a sartine list that I was so soft as to trust ye wid?'

'I don't know, nor can't tell at this moment; to the best of my remembrance I threw it behind the fire; but from that day to this it never crossed my mind.'

'That's not true,' cried Larry, his voice trembling with passion; 'It's a lie, and you know it,

you have no call to, they are maps and calculations, and chymical explanations; and my dependence where I am going.'

'Will you take your book-oath that which I gave you is'nt the best dependence have; will you deny that you didnt make a clean copy of it with Michael to help? them that saw ye, so there's no use in telling them. A list you have and I must see it.'

'There is a list, Larry Goss, but no more which you have any concern, so dont let me be interrupting; I'll be late for the coach.'

'Cock ye up wid a coach, ye impudent screamer the exasperated Larry; 'I won't pay for your jaunting!—give me that list this moment, or I'll have it in spite of yer kit.'

Poor Jemmy had not much use of his book, although he did teach his pupils to

a care of yourself, don't break them seals ; its a gallows act. The man who owns most of what's in that parcel won't let it pass. I wouldn't be you for all Dublin College.'

.. 'Nor I you, Jemmy Norton, for all Dublin bank, what don't ye deserve for your treachery ? staling off wid folk's names in your pocket, betraying the innocent neighbours, scalding the hearts of the widy and orphant, consorting wid them that makes money of blood. What don't ye deserve ? answer me that.'

'I deserve nothing at your hands, Larry, but the height of civility. I've kep yer secrets to myself, and betrayed them to no man, not even to Michael; give me back the papers, they are not all my own. I'll be late, I'll miss the coach, for heaven's sake, Larry, let me be off.'

'And you ; after threatening the gallows upon me ! I'm not such a fool ; and as to your papers, there goes the first.'

Poor Jemmy looked on in despair ; a map, the best specimen of his skill, was given to the winds, a calculation, the pride of good scholarship, was threatened with annihilation. He wrung his hands, tears of sorrow and anger rushed to his eyes, the labours of many a silent night, the cost of many a candle were in the hands of destructiveness. He entreated, he implored, but all in vain ; at length, urged to make one desperate effort, he sprung at the heartless despoiler, and attempted to recover his treasure. It was an unfortunate effort, for Larry, who only wanted an

gentle in temper, was not wanting in the brutal cowardice of such an insult to his manhood, he tried to rally, to rouse forth his small portion of strength, and to meet the repetition of the insulting blow, by throwing his feeble arms around the feet which were more raised against him ; but his strength was nothing—his struggle only for the moment serving no purpose except to exasperate ; the blow levelled in the recklessness of passion, had ended the unequal conflict, but the interference of unexpected succour.

The faithful dog of the school-master, to prevent his following the latter—by many efforts, regained his liberty ; and scenting out the loved familiar track, ran down the lane, where instinct warned him of the spot, and he

them within hearing, they flew to his assistance. Biddy found the stick and threw it him. Joan seized a stone.

Meanwhile, the prostrate victim of an unmanly outrage, although maimed and exhausted, raised his drooping head, recognised his valiant defender and softly cheered him.

Cæsar redoubled his efforts, and despite the inflictions of the cudgel, maintained his firm fearful hold of the lacerated limb, plunging his sharp teeth deeper and deeper into the bleeding flesh.

Again Larry screamed for help, Joan raised her arm, and straining all her strength, flung the stone toward Cæsar, but missing him, it took a fatal aim, and struck his miserable master on the temple, who, almost dead already, fell to rise no more.

The dog with an awful cry, left his hold of Larry, and flying at the wretched girl, tore her clothes, her hands, and dragged her to the ground. The utmost efforts of her brother, with the courageous aid of Biddy, and the full force of the cudgel, failed to beat him off, until overcome by repeated blows, his powers gave way, and sinking under what was thought to be his death-stroke, he uttered a dismal moan, crept to the side of the murdered school-master, and stretched himself upon the lifeless body.

CHAPTER XII.

RETRIBUTION.

'An evil man seeketh only rebellion, therefore a cruel n
ger shall be sent against him.' PROVERBS XVII. 11.

JUDY Goss, her eldest daughter, and **Peter**, still sleeping soundly, when **Larry** with terrified sisters crept trembling to their bed

Sobered at once by the death of the victim the gentle qualities of **Jemmy Norton** rose judgment before the virtual murderer. Fearing temper, his uniform kindness, the estimation in which he was held, pressed the conscience-stricken

cence of the murderous intent, or sinking into a transitory stupor.

No house in the country could be worse calculated for the purposes of concealment, than that where the miserable perpetrator of a crime was raving of her guilty secret; for no house in the neighbourhood was more open to intrusion. Visitors, both male and female, were in the habit of congregating there at all times and seasons. Even the sleeping-room was considered general property, for there the younger branches of the family received their visitors, both by day and night, therefore exposure must have ensued, and the mysterious fatality been brought to light, if Judy's ready wit had not suggested an expedient, by reporting that her youngest daughter was in the fever.

Larry would fain have concealed himself under the same pretence, but that he feared to create suspicion. His lameness was, however, a subject of great anxiety, and (except that a manure-heap in the yard afforded him the opportunity of turning it close to the door) might have become a subject of curious enquiry to observers. But fear of the fever kept observation aloof, and his fatal visit to the bog continued to be a secret. He had returned with his sisters and the empty creel, before any one of the neighbours was stirring; and the dry state of the ground prevented tracks. No turf, of course, had been brought home or sold, and as illness in the family caused unusual expense, his want of means to

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any other family. Margaret and Betsy, forgetting their own sorrow, in the sorrow of the widow and children, often ventured to the door with milk or broth, or other nourishment. Phil Cassidy himself, although not remarkable for generosity, contributed a barrel of his best potatoes, and his wife with her usual consideration for the sick and needy, was not less liberal of meal and butter, while Michael sought a private interview with Larry, and forced some money upon his acceptance. All such acts of benevolence were daggers to the heart of the culprit; and when he made the most trying of all efforts, in approaching the door where grief had entered through his means, the sickness of death came over him, and he sorely repented of his temerity. But fear of exciting observation by a sudden withdrawal, urged him on, and though his knees trembled, and cold dews broke from his forehead, he persevered.

Michael received him at the threshold, and returned with him into the house. Bridget, who loved poor Jemmy Norton as a child, held out her hand in welcome; while Margaret, perceiving that their visitor looked pale, placed him a chair.

All were friendly—all considerate—full of kind enquiries for Joan—for his own health, while he, who felt that ‘coals of fire were, in very truth, heaped on his head,’ could scarcely refrain from falling at their feet, and laying his fearful secret at their mercy.

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He whined and growled, then awoke, stood up, laid down again, growled louder than before; and although still recumbent, maintained a position of menace.

‘Cæsar, poor fellow,’ said Bridget coaxingly, ‘I only wonder that he’s living, there never was a dog so beat to pieces. Lie down! poor brute; he’s greatly troubled. How his hair brizzles; and his eyes—they’re all on fire; I’m sure he drames it over. Och, Larry, don’t you wish that dog could speak?’

‘He almost speaks,’ added Margaret, moving toward him, and patting his head; but without soothing his anger, or restraining its expression.

Larry, whose agonizing visit was by this time prolonged beyond all power of endurance, also arose. He ventured to hope that the attention of the dog might be diverted from himself, by the caresses of Margaret, and that his retreat might be effected without notice. But the very first intimation of a change in his position, was also the signal of attack. With a wild unearthly cry, the determined avenger rushed from his lair, pursued, and seized the culprit. Michael and Margaret flew to his rescue; but the large sharp teeth of the furious animal were again fastened in the lacerated leg; and the utmost efforts of both brother and sister failed to displace them.

Phil Cassidy, overhearing the uproar, came in with a labourer from the yard, and the united powers of three men proved scarcely sufficient to

detected criminal; for as the
blood flowed, and that the pain of the re
g was torture, still more torturing v
error which prompted his speed. He wa
ight upon the instant.

‘The wings of the wind don’t equal th
of a coward,’ observed the old man co
uously, ‘how he ran with that torn leg
out what is the matter with Margo? s
girl’s not fainting for Larry Goss?’

‘She *is* fainting,’ exclaimed Micha
letting the dog escape him, flew to the as
of his sister, ‘what ails you, darling
Margo, dear.’

‘Leave her to me,’ said the mother,
greatly agitated, ‘and do you follow afte
Och, but the knowledge of brute bastes
derful. the ways of God past finding

picion. He followed at his utmost speed upon the track of the sagacious animal, who, his former vigour all at once restored, ran furiously along, scenting the path that led toward Goss's house.

'Did iver mortal see the like of the poor dumb baste?' observed the labourer, who accompanied Michael; 'he has lost scent in the wather; now he has found it again; give him his way, he's lading on to something, he's scenting blood, sooner or later murder will out; give him his way. Och Larry! Larry! who would have suspected ——!'

Michael could'nt speak, he was nearly suffocating. Every nerve was wrought to agony; his opinion of Larry was far from favourable; he had latterly avoided him, still he did not suspect him of actual crime. But now, the violent attack of the dog, the extraordinary exhibition of his fury, seen for the first time since the murder, brought other lights to view; he recurred to other passages,—they seemed to corroborate a fatal truth.

Having regained the scent, Cæsar again dashed on, Michael and the labourer in hot pursuit, until reaching Goss's yard, he stopped, snuffed the ground, renewed his angry barking, and inferred by the impatience of every action that the object of his anger was at hand.

On rushing into the house, his fury became terrific. Suddenly a spectral figure, a pale haggard girl, was seen at the top of a ladder, which

the miserable Joan, who
and whose cries were mingled with the w
ing of the dog, as she endeavoured to se
self beneath the coverlid.

With the assistance of the labourer,
accompanied Michael, they were enabled
serve her from being torn to pieces, b
struggle a girl's tattered dress, covered
guinary stains, fell to the floor, and
dirty shoe, to the sole of which there
scrap of trampled paper, the writing
legible, but such as to elicit from Mich
groan of anguish.

It was part of a sheet well known
the finished calculation of the murde
master. One of those specimens of
which he had prepared for exhibi
school, to which he was

But Michael and his companion passed quickly out, averting their eyes from a scene so awfully afflicting and degrading.

Larry was heard of no more, except that in course of time some vague reports reached home of his being seen in the back-woods of central America. Nor did the actual particulars of the murder ever come to light; for although Joan in her ravings often pleaded guilty, the utmost responsibility attached to her was that of being an accidental witness, which might account for the angry recognition of Cæsar, the torn clothes, and the corroborating circumstance of the scrap of paper that had adhered to her shoe.

Biddy stoutly denied having gone to the bog, or left her bed the fatal morning of the murder, in which denial she was as stoutly supported by her mother.

The flight of Larry fastened all the guilt on him, and it was not in the nature of the Cassidys to bring a wretched maniac before the public. The sad career of the unhappy girl came to an early close. Either walking until quite exhausted, or sleeping from fatigue, she seldom evinced any desire for food, but, continually suffering from thirst, her mental malady increased, while her bodily strength gave way. Reduced to a fearful skeleton, it pleased divine mercy to visit her with contrition; to enlighten the darkness of the wanderer, and restore a penitent prodigal to a father's house.

We wish it were in our power to say, that the

early and affecting death of Joan, her deep repentance, and dying exhortations, made a salutary impression on her surviving family, all of whom, after a violent explosion of a few days, seemed quite to forget their affliction. Judy Goss, indeed, gave up some of her visiting habits, for she was ill received in many houses. But retirement had no soothing effects upon her temper, she became as morose as she had been loquacious, and led her youngest daughter and Peter, who still adhered to home, most miserable lives. As to Nelly, the elder, and the favourite, mortified pride banished her the country. She found her way to Dublin, and was seen as servant of-all-work in a disreputable tavern.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAPPIER SCENES.

IT is pleasing to turn from the contemplation of such a picture to its reverse—from Larry Goss to Michael Cassidy. They were of the same age, the same grade, in every sense, for better or for worse—small beginners. But while the one, reckless and self-willed, uninstructed, save in evil, stood in the way of sinners, “sat in the seat of the scornful,” and became like the chaff which the wind scattereth away from the face of the earth;—the other, “delighting in the law of the Lord, and exercising himself therein day and night,” realized the beautiful picture of “a tree planted by the water-side, which bringeth forth its fruit in due season.”

Not insensible to those feelings which are connected with the dearest interests of society, which constitute the chief charm of life; and next to religion itself, has power to transform an earthly pilgrimage into an heavenly path, Michael sought and found in Rosy Furlong a partner fitted to

to choose his wife.

or allow his parents to drive a hard bargain with a stranger; trusting all the good or evil of succeeding years to an influence of which he had no experience. Warm as was his heart, and susceptible his feelings, he always acted upon principle, and however attractive in person might be the object of his choice, however calculated by her position to do him honour, or by her comparative wealth to increase his means, she would have failed to win his love, had he been less certain that her "house was founded on a rock." And Rosy, who set no undue value upon great possessions, in comparison with honest industry who was thoroughly acquainted with his worth, joyfully accepted a trust so sacred. The willing hand was given with the confiding heart, and their propitious union sanctified by the blessing

dice, received a slight,—been subjected to mortification ; and while the parents felt that would be cruel and unjust to prolong the separation of an attached and deserving pair, they also felt, that in yielding, they encroached upon the privilege of birth-right.

A young man of superior worldly pretensions to Michael, came from a distance to the wedding. He was third or fourth cousin to the bride, but a personal stranger to the family. He soon acquainted himself with the amount of Nancy's portion. It came up to the value he set upon his own pretensions, which were immediately explained to her parents, and his proposals tendered and accepted.

Such hurried marriages are not rare in Ireland. Formerly, they resulted from a sudden fancy, and were consummated without a moment's thought. But money, which in those financial times, rules the ascendant, has changed inconsiderate impulse into sordid traffic. Ignorant of each others' tempers, dispositions, or principles, young persons bind themselves by the most sacred of all vows, the one to cherish, the other to obey, with only general character or outward circumstances to build upon. Such was the case with Nancy Furlong. Barnard Saul of Ballyduff, or Master Barney, the designation by which he was best known, had the reputation of a keen judgment, great prudence for his years, with money always at command, when bargains were going, or his less fortunate neighbours obliged to sell at a dis-

the affections of her parents as had Michael. He would not have been accepted under the same pecuniary circumstances, but reconciled themselves, by reflecting that he was 'one in a thousand,' and that Robert never have married any other.

The wedding thus hastily concluded, was a costly tax on Mrs. Furlong's hospitality, and on her husband's purse ; for Master Barney availed himself of his privilege to invite a numerous company of friends. It was Nancy's first introduction to his smart dressy sisters, and a striking contrast to the quiet ceremony of the previous fortnight ; which, harmonizing the feelings of the few, was literally a feast. Rosy in her modest attire, surrounded by those whose smiles and tears gave evidence of happy sympathy, was more subdued than usual by her grateful joy. While the chastity of Michael, proving his respect for it

ple had promoted. Moriarty had advanced in circumstances, and was not deteriorated in mind. Still humble, industrious and thankful, he blushed not to recur to the past, and tell the story of his 'small beginnings,'—to acknowledge with gratitude that he had advantages in many respects superior to those of Michael, for he was so placed as to be a constant witness of agricultural improvement, and a partaker of generous encouragement.

He might, 'tis true, had he frequented those places where such themes are prevalent, have been caught, like others, in the clap-trap of complaint, heard of oppressions and injustice, lent an ear to those who dilate on grievances without promoting their remedies, and become a convert to that system, which, after the fashion of Homeopathics, professes to effect a cure by exciting the disorder. But Moriarty was satisfied to see for himself, and to judge of professing friends by the benefits actually conferred. Happily for him, he had pitched his tent where profession is reduced to practice. Michael, on the contrary, belonged to one of those remote districts, where, except in very rare instances, the spirit of improvement had not found its way, while absenteeism unfortunately prevailed. Where, although there might be no oppression, no actual grievance on which to found complaint, there lacked that expenditure on the part of the landed proprietor, which must result from even a few months' residence; and that personal acquaintance with poverty, which,

‘few and far between,’ served as some less scrupulous deputies. While, still though ever influenced by mercy, he gained the confidence of a people, none other in the habitable globe, for pay respect to integrity; and who, except incited by some unaccountable delusion, an acute discrimination as to character, although seeking favours, offering but urgent for indulgences, often appreciate more than compliance, and are free to that the aristocracy of the country, though the soil, are not the most exacting tyrants.

Michael Cassidy’s unostentatious energy was sufficiently conspicuous to attract the notice of an intelligent observer, who, however

drilling, a heavy iron harrow, a lighter one for covering seeds, a roller, and last, not least in usefulness, a set of implements for cutting drains, which, without superseding labour, afford much facility to the labourer. It was almost the first introduction into the country, of such agricultural aids. The light drill-plough had been partially in use, and the beauty and cleanliness of its operations universally acknowledged. But the subsoil plough was quite a novelty, and the seed-harrow at once acknowledged to be a wonderful improvement on the clumsy expedient of a few thorn-bushes, which, tied by hay-ropes upon a gate, form a frequent substitute, and in nineteen cases out of twenty, fail to cover one-half the seeds.

Visitors from distant quarters flocked to see the novel curiosities; and thus the advantages of a rotation-system became more known. Persons already in possession of a little land, began to know its real value—to bestir themselves, to follow an example that brought forth such results, and was so munificently rewarded. The poor day-labourer was led to hope, that he too, might claim some share in so benevolent a scheme; and that, instead of paying an enormous sum for the smallest possible portion of con-acre, on which to grow his stint of potatoes, he might look forward to an extension of garden-allotments; and to possessing a personal interest in the land which gave him birth.

Poverty in Ireland is not as yet accounted a

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only guardians in name, should the work-house meet with universal condemnation. 'Tis, however, to be hoped, that their schools may send forth into the world, such well-taught children as those who, under the immediate eye of voluntary instruction, know themselves to be objects of interest to protectors of a higher grade, yet members of the same community ; with a claim upon friends, who having administered to the necessities of infancy, will not lose sight of them in after-life. Such association is indeed a Christian link, binding in cords of love the different classes of society, raising the one above degradation, without levelling the other ; and it was on such a pattern, though on a humbler scale, that Michael reared his oasis in the wilderness !

The barn-school, which had proved so great a benefit in so remote a quarter, was not long without a master. A young man, equally well disposed as poor Jemie Norton, but still better educated, soon occupied the place so fatally vacated ; and it was a gala day, when shortly after Michael's marriage, well-wishers of all ages assembled in the acre, where he had made his first experiment, and which, in the highest state of cultivation, he generously assigned to the new master. Masons, carpenters, thatchers, volunteered their service gratis, to erect a dwelling-house for the instructor of their children. He had soon a comfortable home, and a little colony of willing helps, the number of whose garden-plots were added to, and who ere long, were enabled

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life. Boys, in preference to cheap and worthless broad-cloth, laid out their few shillings in the raw material, which was manufactured by their mothers and sisters into frieze. Thus, the females of the family were benefitted by the industry of the males, the spinner employed, the poor weaver set to work; nor let it be supposed, that Rosy stood alone in usefulness, or that when Annamore became a bright and shining light, there were not other stars in the same horizon as radiant in their course. Neither, that while the tillers of the earth, were thus raising the condition of their fellow-labourers, the latter had not cause to render gratitude and respect, where it is commanded them to honour and obey; nor their spiritual pastors—those certain residents in every parish, whose lives and whose incomes are spent upon the spot, to whom all look for aid, and from whom all—so far as it is possible—receive it,—cause to complain, that the Sabbath was less respected, or the Sunday School less diligently attended, in consequence of Michael Cassidy's self-supporting little seminary.

On the contrary, the young of both sexes, formerly deterred by the degradation of rags, from making their appearance on that holy day, were better clad, and not ashamed to show themselves. This distinction, between a state almost of nakedness, and that of decent dress, the only distinction, between the dependent and the independent, the only exclusiveness known amongst the sons and daughters of green Erin in their father-land,

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spective of a lease under the landlord, -
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sidy, one who, by his own single exertio
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Respect for property, cannot fail to be the c
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shame; neither dismissed nor disgraced,
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s mentioned." It was not only forgiven, gotten.

instance, in illustration of such a system, t, 'tis hoped, be thought too tedious. It out of many facts which help to prove, that and wine of the good Samaritan will often wound, where a severer discipline only ates the evil.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

A POOR labourer, named Maurice R had married when quite a boy, a girlst than himself, and who found it rather make up the marriage fee, was, notwit considered to be tolerably well off; fo in the neighbourhood gave him emplo, cept during the very short days, at six day, with two meals in the twelve h he had potatoes and buttermilk at n for breakfast, the same for dinner broken weather and holidays caused n ruptions, his weekly wages might

his strength, and enabled him to cultivate a spot of ground for himself, had the ground and the food been at command. But the weary labourer was glad to throw himself upon his wretched bed, and try to forget his hunger and his fatigue in sleep.

One rood of ground at the same rent paid by the middleman, would have afforded him the means of a supper, and enabled him to put some covering on his naked children. But the poor labourer had no such resource; neither could he afford to forfeit one day's wages at the season when it was necessary to cut his turf. On his wife and infant, therefore, the task devolved; and its inadequate performance was followed, not only by stint of fuel, but by still worse evils; for when the scanty stock was exhausted, then came the expedient of gathering '*brasnas*,' in plain English, of tearing down hedges, and cutting the young plantations; a species of spoliation in which the elder children became but too expert. Their mother rewarding success by permission to roast potatoes at discretion in the cinders.

Depressed by so hopeless a state of existence—looking no farther than the exigencies of the present hour; satisfied to appease her own hunger, and that of her six clamorous children, huddled together under one dirty shed, she yielded to her fate; and, except when necessity compelled her to labour in the bog, or the potatoe-garden, her days were spent without other occupation, than sitting by the embers of the stolen sticks, keeping

reuges, and —
who shall dare to limit the extent of swa...
nings, or say—"so far will we go and n
ther." Laurence, a fine intelligent child
only eight years old, was taught by his unr
ing mother to trespass on the property of o
to take that to which he had no right; to "g
a few sticks," rewarded if successful—pun
if he failed.

Consequently, when loose bushes were
be found, a supply was torn from the hedge
branches within reach twisted from his
bour's trees. And with his little sister to w
receive, to hide, he contrived to elude de
But resistance to temptation for conscience
made no part of his instructions. He h
been taught to fear the eye which seeth in
to live according to those two commandm
"the law and the prophet

gardens, when the children were engaged at lessons, to purloin from their pea-sticks ; and tempted by the vegetables, added a few to his spoil ; hid them till close of evening, and then brought them home. Safe for once, he ventured a second and a third time ; but the young gardeners were vigilant, their cabbages could not be taken without their knowledge, nor their neatly-kept onion-beds routed up without detection ; suspicion instantly rested upon Laurence. The despoiler of a hedge, would not hesitate to rob a garden. He was watched and followed home. Pea-sticks, cabbage-leaves, and onions were evidences of his guilt ; and, as we already said, he underwent a severe punishment from the same hand which had pointed his way to crime.

The tale reached Annamore, and Michael repaired to the cabin. The poor hard-working father, who knew nothing of what went on within doors, while he slaved without, hung his head in shame. The mother attempted some denials, but boasted of having "beaten Laurence within an inch of his life." The culprit himself, on whom detection had fastened guilt, wept in the corner, feeling conscious of doing wrong, but also aggrieved. Tears, partly of sorrow, partly of anger, rested on his glowing cheek. He was almost naked. He could have no other feelings than those of degradation—no emulation working in him for good.

The Christian visitor was sorely grieved. 'Here,' he thought, 'is a soul to be saved, a

the tears elicited by the voice of
that day a few articles of clothing, absolutely
necessary, were contributed from Annam
and the repentant boy, placed on an equality
with his school-fellows in the Barn, was given
the opportunity to redeem his character. Nordie
did not take advantage of so great a boon; no one
in the school was more diligent at his lessons,
more obedient to his master—more regular in
attendance, or a more active labourer in
allotments. Ere long, a little plat was given
himself, and when he carried home its first
produce, the heir of a dukedom might have envied
him his happiness.

Michael, whose farming operations were
this time on a larger scale, gave Maurice
cutting of some drains; they were let to him
and he earned, without

His wife, no longer shrinking from sight, or cowering in the dirty ashes, but decently clad, cleaned up her house, white-washed her walls within and without, and sent her two next children to the Barn-school.

Michael insisted upon Maurice providing his house with sufficient fuel, and also preparing it at the proper season. There were consequently no more depredations committed on the hedges; the youngest child of the family would not have picked up a bush, much less torn it from a fence, had he been offered white bread as a bribe instead of roasted potatoes.

Such were the healing effects of Michael Cassidy's Christian conduct toward his erring, but destitute neighbour; such the consequence of stretching out a hand of fellowship—meeting the prodigal half-way—and inciting to brotherly love, instead of visiting with harshness the evils attendant on want; and hardening the heart of the backslider by consigning him to despair. The child was taught, as soon as possible, to trust to his own resources, to labour both mentally and bodily for his own advancement; to value reward when earned by merit; to be grateful for encouragement, but to lean less, than is the too prevailing habit of their countrymen, upon the fragile staff of visionary patronage. Martin Moriarty, equally with Michael Cassidy, had risen by his own exertions; the former had not even ten pounds to begin with, as in the case of the latter; but he had put his shoulder to the wheel, and set a just

t the novelty wore on, and
s no eating the bread of idleness in America
his uncle paid him well for his services,
vice was without cessation ; there was
lolidays as at home—no recreation—he of
nged for an evening by the bright turf-fire
s father's cottage, or a lounge by the river-s
a summer's holiday ; but he had persevera
well as enterprise, and did not return as m
o, a disappointed pauper, adding to the bur
f his family. He remained at New York-
heart yearning for his native land, and living c
he hope of a distant reunion with the friend
his boyhood, in scenes which dwelt for eve
his recollection.

It is to be wished that the benevolent exa
of Michael and his exemplary wife might
ed upon Nancy and her husband ; but Se

and the long days, and obliged to take out the most part of their wages in con-acres, Consequently, con-acres being the most profitable part of his farming, he was strenuously opposed to the plan of allotments, cottage gardens, or any other plan which might render the poor workman independent of his exactions.

Nancy, brought up in a more benevolent school, felt rather disappointed as the character of her husband developed itself. She was, besides, a personal sufferer from his love of money; and often mortified—although richer and better-dressed than her younger sister, when instances occurred to prove that neither herself nor her husband were as popular, as generally beloved, as much respected by the poor, or distinguished by the richer grades, as Rosy and Michael; especially when the daughters of the parish clergyman—those gentle auxiliaries in every good—those ‘ministering angels,’ to which Ireland owes the deepest debt of gratitude, whose lives, with very few exceptions, are devoted to their country’s service;—found the way not long to Annamore, and became the personal friends of Rose Cassidy, imparting or receiving such instructions as education on the one side, and practical experience on the other, were qualified to give,—mutual assistants to each other.

‘It was,’ as Bridget Cassidy would say, ‘the beautifullest picture in the univarsal world, to see the dear young ladies nursing Rosy’s babe, while Rosy taught the poor useless little girls to clean

her milk-pans, or to iron a shirt. So cordial of them to walk four miles of ground, and read to her in her confinement; sitting by the bed-side, equality-like;—they rate quality all the while; with no more pride in them than if they had not come of the best “blood in Leinster.”” Bridget spoke the truth, it was a beautiful picture, and those who have had opportunities of knowing, can testify that such things are. That the instance here recorded is neither imaginative nor solitary; for many might be added, and honoured names brought forth in grateful proof; if those who ‘do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,’ were not as little emulous of notoriety, as they are zealous in a righteous cause.

’Tis indeed to be hoped that the Aurora of a brighter day—irrespective of party—of prejudice—of anarchy,—of wild schemes and false delusions—is rising in the western horizon, and that not only the unexplored treasures of prolific Erin, but the Eldorados of Britain may find in their own vast resources a panacea for the evils of poverty; while a christian people, drawn together in brotherly love, and practising the righteousness which exalteth a nation, may learn from experience, that if knowledge be power, unity is no less strength.

THE END.



